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Modern MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

BOSOM SECRETS OF BURLESQUE

FASTEST RACING CAR IN HISTORY

ARE OUR TARGET PISTOLS OBSOLETE?

LADY TARZAN ON TELEVISION

Supposed to be kiddie fare, Irish McCalla as a lady Tarzan provides ogling males one of the best displays of cheesecake to be seen on television currently. She plays Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle, in a TV series that's filmed in Mexico where Irish really has fun playing a nature girl in what's left of a pair of blue jeans.

VOL. V, NO. 11-59 MAY, 1956

Modern MAN®

THE MAN'S PICTURE MAGAZINE

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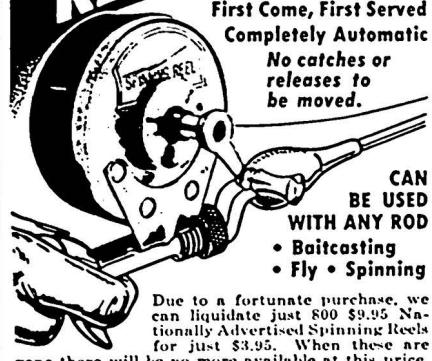

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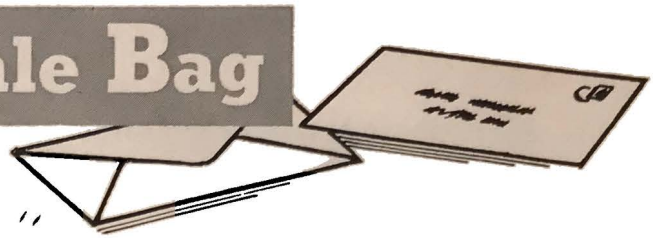

Fastest Sports Cars

I enjoyed your article about "The World's Fastest Sports Cars." However, I think one item of interest, nay importance to all prospective car buyers, is the knowledge of miles per gallon of the car. This choice bit of information seems to be left out either by design or by oversight but left out.

This doesn't make your wonderful article bad or false, but it does leave one with a sense of incompleteness. I feel that such oversights and neglect to give vital statistics of all your luscious dolls that grace the pages of MODERN MAN tend to make your magazine average, not the worst and not the best.

Lester Miller
Pasadena, Calif.

King Of Steam Cars

If you want to include along with the sex in your magazine articles about automobiles, I would appreciate if in the future they would be more accurate. When in the article entitled "King of the Steam Cars" you claim a thermal efficiency of 90 per cent, you might succeed in fooling a few people who believe any written material, even when it is obviously false sensationalism. But for the sake of these people, I did a little research, hoping that you would set them straight before they go quoting your article. As proof for my accusation, I present the following quote from an article in "Age of Science" by A. C. Monteith, vice-president of engineering of Westinghouse Corporation: "With superpressures and higher temperatures, a record-setting thermal efficiency in excess of 40.5 per cent is expected." The temperature he refers to is 1050°F. and the pressure is 2350 pounds per square inch.

You have the audacity to claim 90 per cent efficiency, when millions are being spent on the power plant mentioned above to get slightly over 40 per cent.

The whole article smelled of statements almost this rotten; so either get a writer who knows more about the subject than Paul R. Hayes or leave the cars out and stick to sex. There are very few formulas that apply there.

Wayne Brehob
West Lafayette, Indiana

ED. Author Hayes writes: "There's no getting around it. Brehob is right. I've checked with Toledo Edison engineers, who work with steam daily, and have been told that although steam does possess some measure of superior thermal efficiency over the internal combustion engine, it does not come near approaching the 90 per cent figure. That figure, by way of explanation, was unearthed while researching the Doble article and was contained in the book, 'Oldtime Steam Cars,' written by John Bentley, who enjoys a reputation as an authority. I might add, too, that the figure was used in correspondence with Doble owners and steam car enthusiasts while preparing the article and was never contradicted. On its face, the figure is wrong."

70 Miles To Get Man

Your magazine is tops! Having discovered it with your September issue, I try to get it every month but it means a round trip of 70 miles and sometimes the weather is against me. Not having a dog team, I am somewhat handicapped. After looking over your Monroe, Mansfield, Russell, Myles, and company, I have come to the conclusion that they don't have a thing that Dankell doesn't have, in fact not as much. Dolores Dankell, that is. A hardworking and beautiful gal to go with

it all. Her measurements are: bust 40, waist 35, hips 36—5'7", 129 pounds, and 24 years old. Give all your readers a break and her too by running some photos of her.

Mural L. Gregory
Port Huron, Michigan

Chrysler Fan

Congratulations on your fine article. "What's Wrong With The Cadillac." I hope you will carry more articles of this type.

I enjoyed even more the letter written by "A Satisfied Cadillac Owner." He talks of getting "stuck" with a Chrysler, Lincoln, or Packard. It seems to me that he is one of the many people around who have found themselves stuck in a General Motors rut. Cadillac is very fortunate to find itself living on a reputation gained by the luxury cars of postwar years. Let's face it, recent Cadillacs have been nothing but glorified Buicks or Oldsmobiles. I would suggest that potential Cadillac owners look for quality instead of merely a name before they buy.

Keep up the good work on your fine magazine.

D. B.
A dyed-in-the-wool Chrysler fan
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

Man Talk

A RATHER formidable lineup of writers is behind the impressive array of articles in this month's issue of MODERN MAN. Two of our most exciting stories come from Americans who are based in Italy. Melton S. Davis, who contributed the exciting and revealing piece on "Island Of Murder," is a newspaperman who makes his home in Rome. He made a special trip to the island of Sardinia to investigate the vendetta clans, actually risked his life to probe into these endless killings. "The Bordello School Of Literature" is the work of a regular contributor to these pages, Wilmon Menard. He usually commutes between the French and Italian Rivieras, but calls home the city of Nice not far from where W. Somerset Maugham, one of the subjects of his article, lives. Menard has been around the world on his travels several times, plans to embark on another tour in May and will be sending regular stories to MM while on his journey.

From two opposite ends of the U.S. comes our auto and gun stories. Col. Charles Askins, who dissects what's wrong with modern target pistols, is based with the Army in Texas. A former national pistol champ, he knows handguns thoroughly. The colonel is also a hunting bug, recently went on a duck hunting trip to Mexico but has also indulged in this sport in Spain and in Belgium. Many miles from Texas is Griffith Borgeson, who writes about cars at his home in Camarillo, California. Author of a new big book on sports cars, Borgeson is well qualified to write about "The Fastest Racing Car In History" having done a complete research job on the fabulous Auto Union. Next month Borgeson will examine the coming bid of several American sports cars, including Corvette, to crack the list of winners at Europe's *grand prix* races.

A topnotch feature coming up in next month's issue is an exclusive story on a "hunting heaven," a place where there are no bag limits, no licenses required, no closed seasons—only red deer, million of them. And finally there is a delightful story with full pictorial illustration on the provocative subject: "How Dumb Are Those Hollywood Blondes?"

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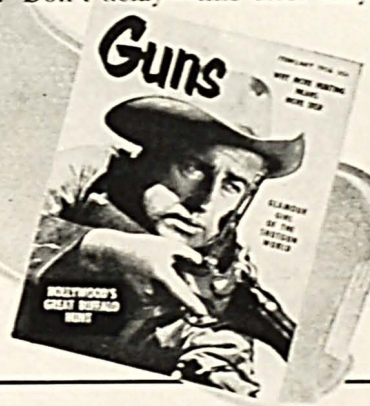

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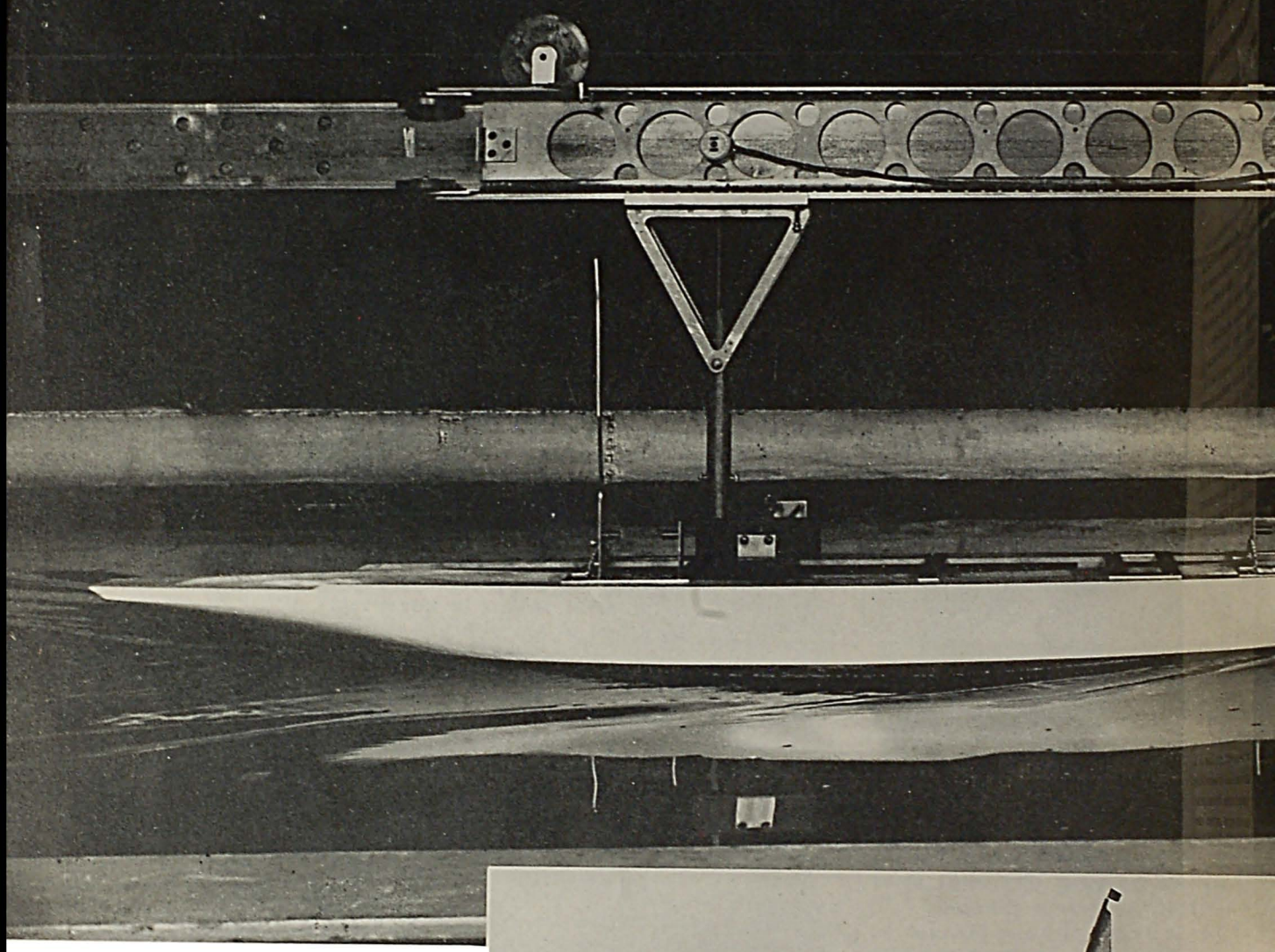
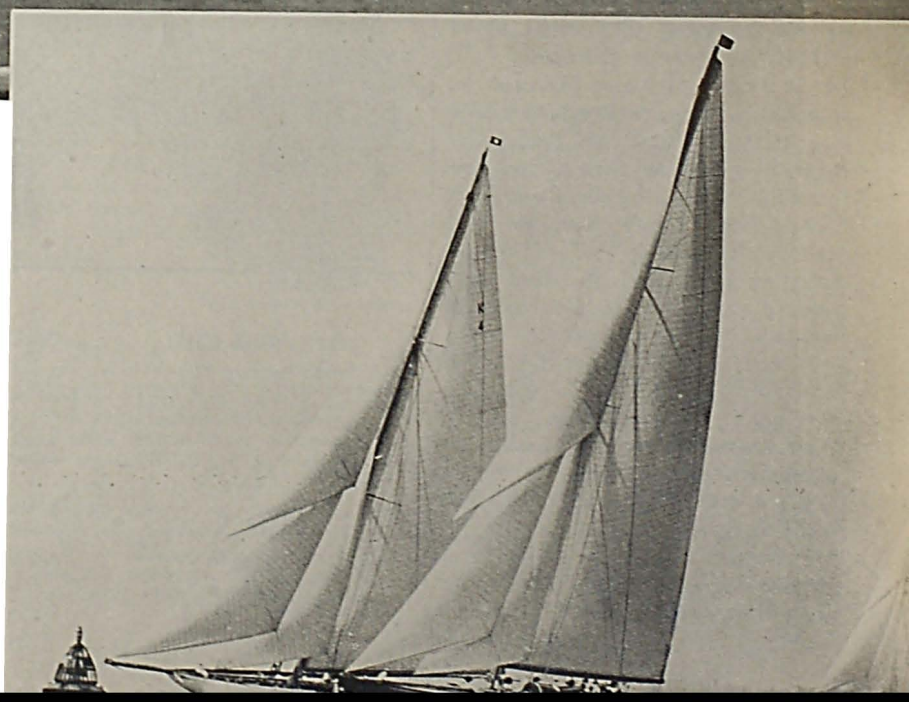




Test of hull of yacht in towing tanks at Stevens Institute sets stage for victory race across Atlantic (right) after construction. Biggest towing tank at Hoboken research center is 313 feet long, 12 feet wide and six feet deep.

IN TOWING TANKS AT STEVENS INSTITUTE, SCIENTISTS SEEK WAYS TO OVERCOME 'WAVE BARRIER' AT HIGH SPEED AND SEE CARGO VESSELS OF FUTURE AS BIG SUBMARINES

By FRANKLIN P. WALKER

WILL SUBMARINES some day transport most of the world's sea-going tonnage? Will world shipping soon go under water?

To the men who seek to drive ships ever faster, these questions are more than mere speculation. To marine architects they point the direction of future ship design. And in at least one experimental laboratory, these questions have already been answered. At the Stevens Institute of Technology, underwater ships of the future are seen as the one positive answer to speculation about the possible shape of ships to come. Here in Hoboken, N. J. towing tanks, experiments are going on daily which point more and more to underwater ships as the way to break "the wave barrier."

Like the airplane, which faced the sonic barrier a few years ago, the large surface vessel is now pushing at the "wave barrier." Unlike the airplane designer, however, the naval architect can not overcome this hurdle simply by installing more power and making a few changes in basic design.

Because the need for swifter passage across the seas is so urgent, particularly for the Navy's water-based forces, the wave barrier is being attacked by the forces of modern science.

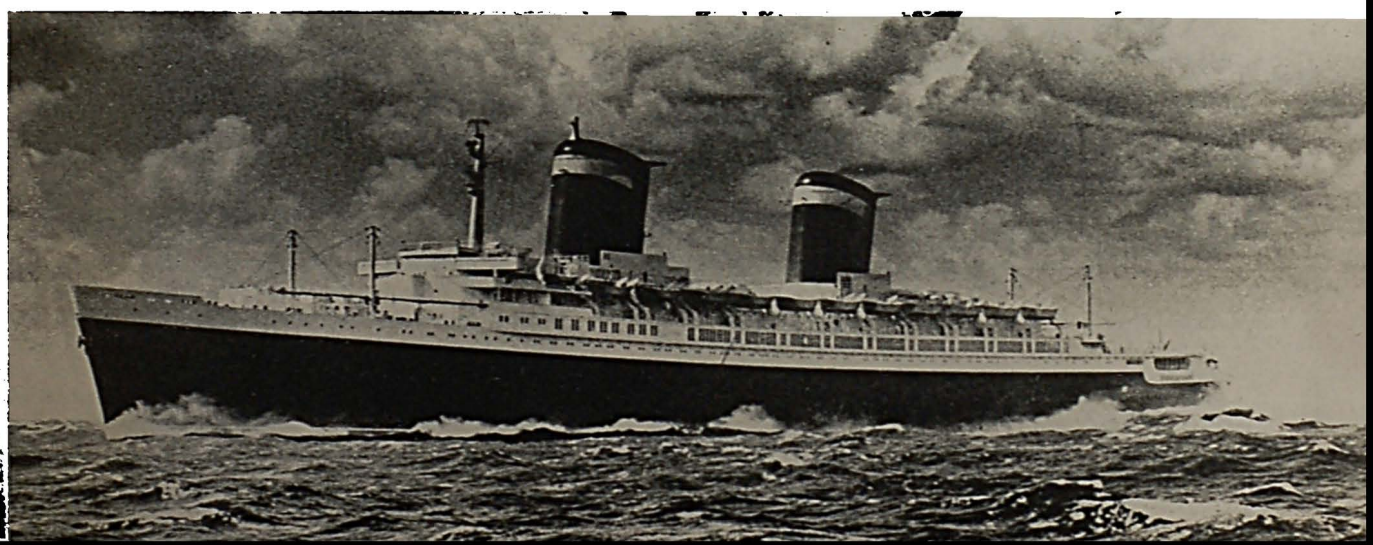
The effects of winds and rough seas on surface ship speeds have plagued deep water shipping since the days of the Phoenicians and the Vikings. And as ship speeds have increased, the old problem—the wave-making system of a ship in motion—has grown progressively more troublesome.

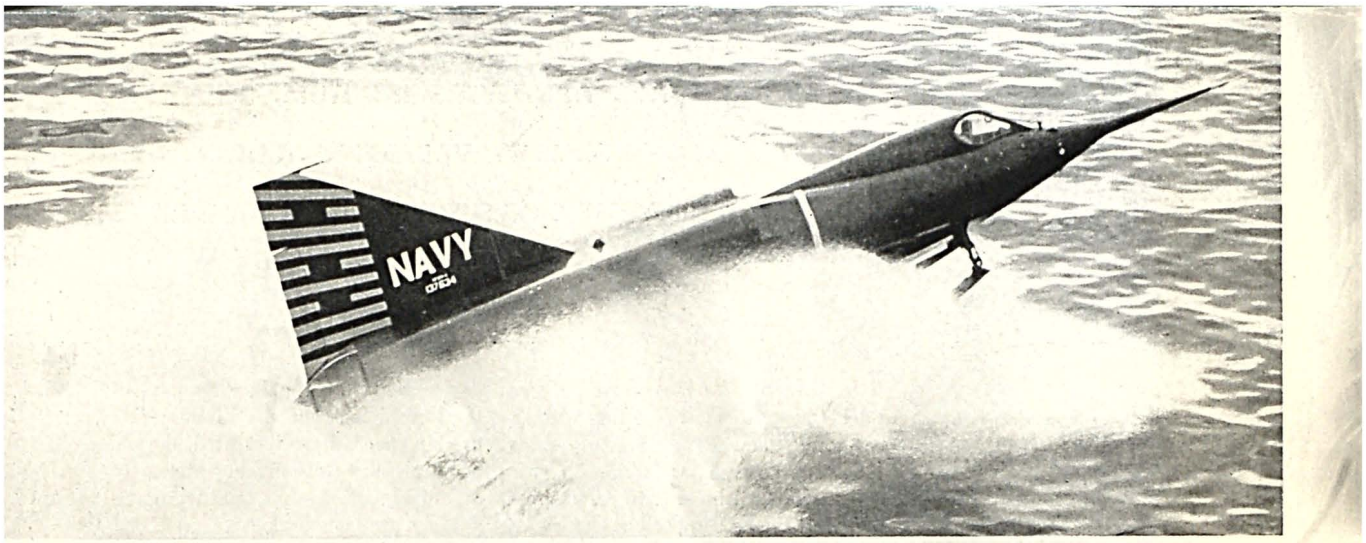
One of the big advantages of the submarine is that it does not have to contend with surface turbulences which retard speed. While it has its own peculiar problems, the sub is free from the wave-making drag surface ships create for themselves. Like aircraft which fly above the weather, subs get away from unfavorable conditions on the surface when they go into the deep.

Dr. K. S. M. Davidson, director of the experimental towing tanks at Stevens and one of the world's foremost authorities in his field, predicts: "If or when it becomes necessary to transport large tonnages across the oceans at speeds well beyond present ship speeds, large submarines may be found to be the only type of vehicle capable of undertaking the task."

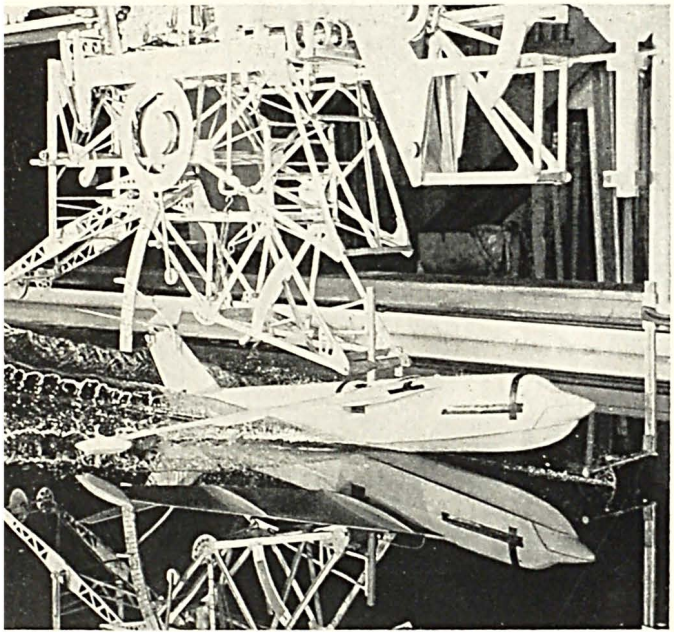
Such large submarines offer the promise of speeds in ranges well above 45 knots, but how much higher has not been exactly determined. Tankmen familiar with subs would not be surprised at 75 knots—86 miles an hour. The power plant for large subs could be the atomic engine, such as the one now undergoing operational tests in the

Fastest ocean liner, S.S. United States, was tested in Stevens tanks before construction and speed accurately predicted.

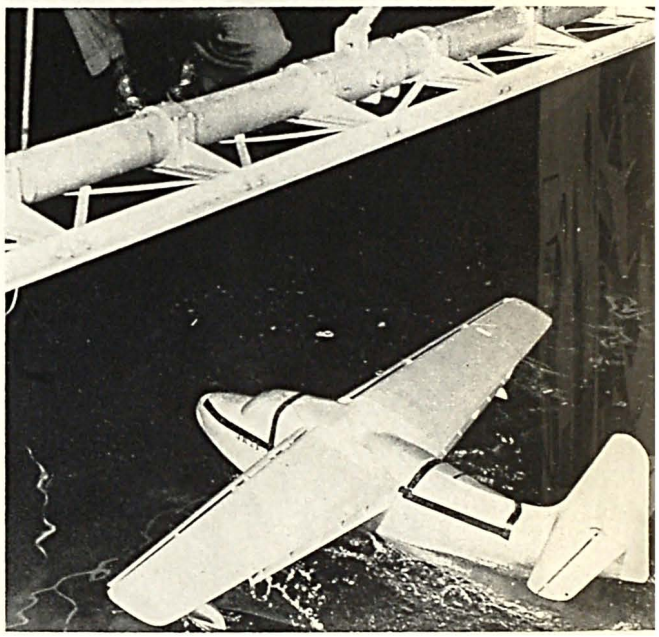




First application of hydro-ski to combat plane was tested at Stevens before Convair's XF2Y-1 jet seaplane was built.



Model of Martin XP6M Seamaster is towed in Stevens test. Craft will be first Navy plane to carry atomic bomb.



How seaplane behaves in rough water is found out in tests before construction. Here Grumman JR-2F is tried out.

Navy's pioneering Nautilus, or the gas turbine.

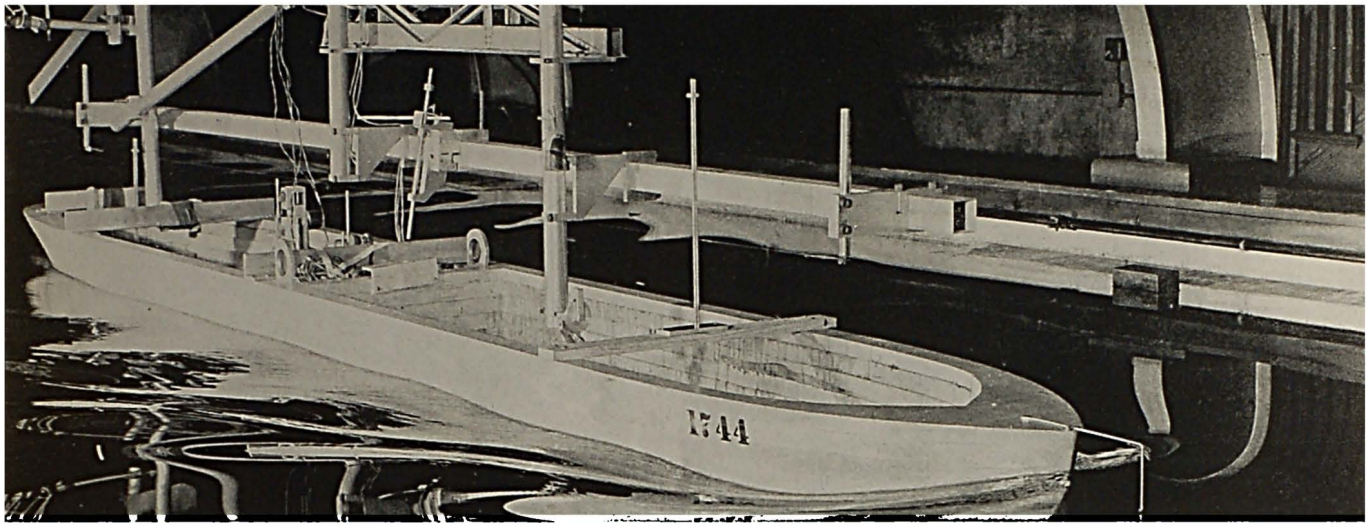
Cargo-carrying submarines are feasible, Dr. Davidson said, and the only thing needed is the incentive for developing them. That incentive could stem from the knowledge that Russia also possessed an atomic-powered submarine, resulting in an international race in that field. Or it could be initiated by steamship lines after surface ships reach the end of their slowly rising speed curve.

Dr. Davidson and his staff know submarines. Models of many subs have been built and tested in the Stevens tanks on the heights of Hoboken, N. J., in the past 20 years. It was there that exhaustive tests were conducted on the 200-foot Albacore, the world's fastest submarine. The findings of studies of models of the Albacore were vitally important in the final design of this revolutionary craft, which incorporates new hydrodynamic principles and steering controls and is serving as a laboratory for advanced research on submarine capabilities.

Stevens tankmen were almost certain, on the basis of towing tests, that the Albacore would set new underwater speed marks, just as they knew in 1946 that the superliner S.S. United States probably would break the trans-Atlantic speed record whenever its captain decided to make a try for it. He made that try six years after the tests in Hoboken were completed.

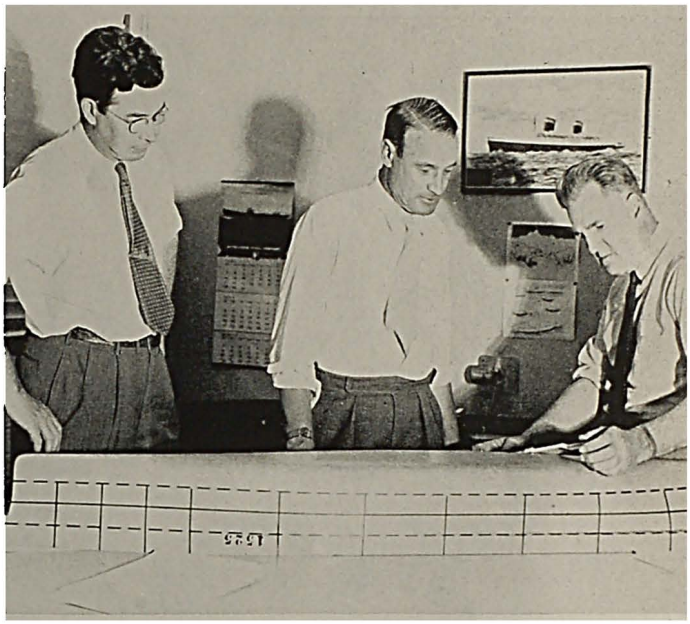
On July 15, 1952, the S.S. United States steamed up New York harbor toward its berth in the Hudson River to a tumultuous welcome seldom surpassed on the New York waterfront. Her arrival marked the first time in 100 years that an American-built ship had taken top honors for speed in crossing the Atlantic. The 990-foot, 51,000-ton liner on its maiden voyage sped from Ambrose Light to Land's End in 3 days, 10 hours, 40 minutes and completed the westward trip in 3 days, 12 hours, 12 minutes.

Building, testing and refining 4- or 5-foot models of ships, sailboats, submarines and flying boats with out-



Merchant ship hull's resistance to waves is measured in Stevens tank. First tests 20 years ago were in swimming pool.

Different types of hulls are kept in model room at Stevens for tests. At right are two models of Army amphibious craft.

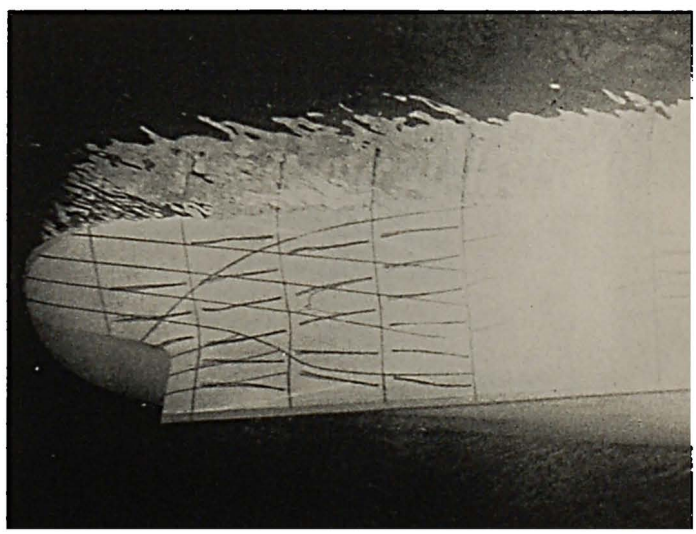


Model is checked by lab director Dr. Kenneth S. M. Davidson (center) and aides Hugh MacDonald and Allan Murray.

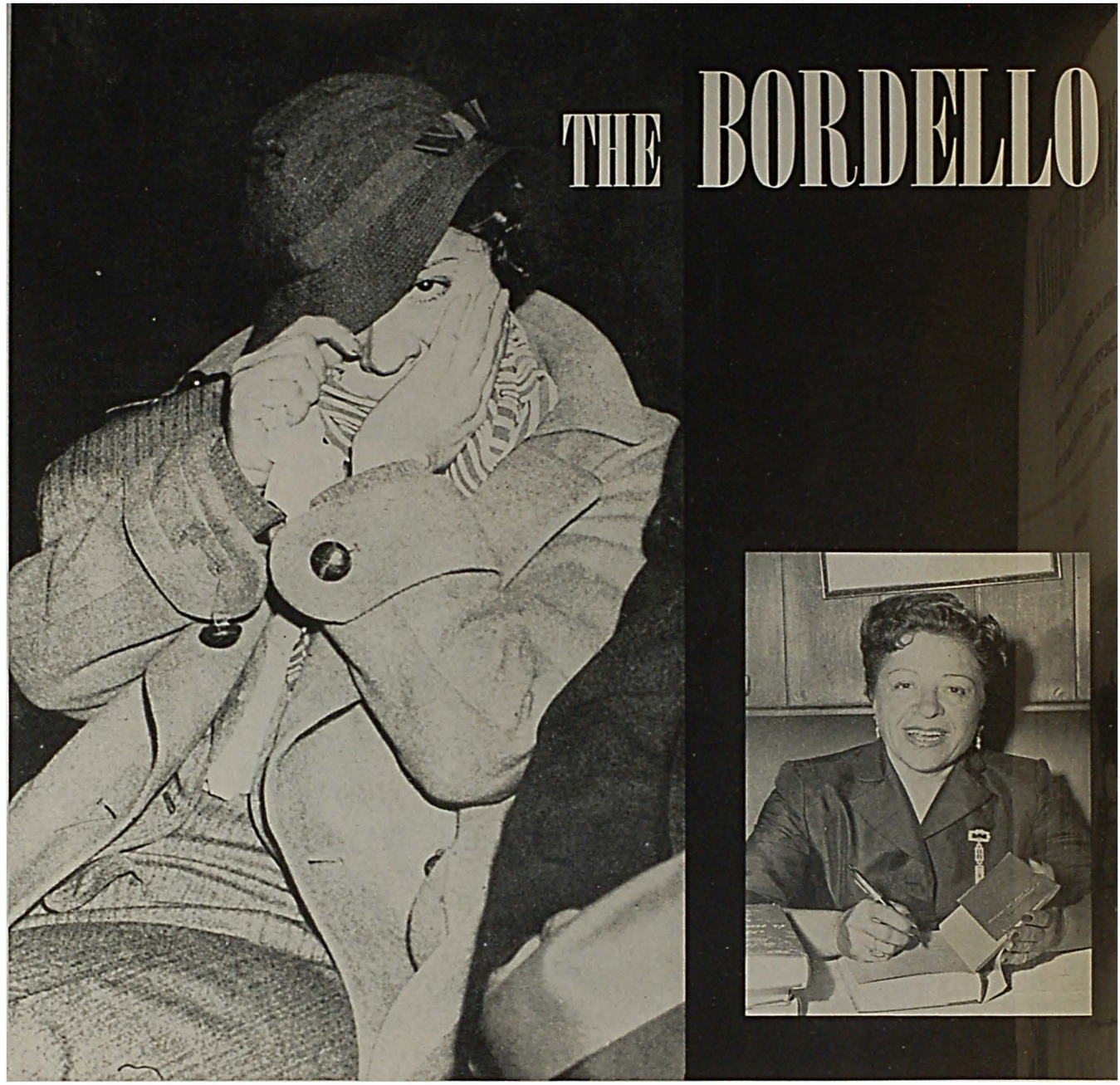
standing performance is an old story to the engineers and technicians who operate the sheltered tanks in Hoboken. It began soon after the first tank was built in 1935. It was the year Dr. Davidson, an ocean-sailing crewman who had conducted early tests in a Stevens swimming pool, received a $5,000 grant from Research Corporation of New York City to continue studies designed to determine why some yachts won more often than others. He built his first precision towing tank with that fund and proceeded with his experiments.

One of the first assignments was to test the scale model of a racing sailboat designed for its sponsor by Sparkman and Stephens. The boat became the Stormy Weather, which won a long string of victories in deep water events. She placed well in the trans-Atlantic race to Bergen, Norway. Subsequently, she won the Fastnet Race, placed first in her class and second in the fleet in the 1936 Bermuda Race, and won the Miami-Nassau Race *(continued on page 45)*

How water flows around stern of ship is observed in underwater photo of model. Dark marks are tufts to show flow.



THE BORDELLO



Covering up in court to hide from photographers, Polly Adler was acknowledged queen of vice in New York in roaring 20's. Today as an author of best-selling book she symbolizes popular bordello school of literature.

WHEN famed W. Somerset Maugham originally submitted for sale his short story of strumpet Sadie Thompson, the only magazine in the world that would publish it was the now defunct, fearless Smart Set Magazine of America. It was considered at that time censorable and shocking bad taste to permit a prostitute to parade bawdily across the pages of literature. The edict in literature then was: morality must be served!

Now, any women's household magazine in most countries would be only too happy to reprint Maugham's "Sadie Thompson." John Colton, the astute playwright and producer, earned a fortune by dramatizing this short story for the stage under the more arresting title of "Rain." The assumption was that when it poured cats-and-dogs, restless people had to remain indoors and unconventional acts, especially in the tropics, were bound to happen. Jeanne Eagels, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford and Rita Hayworth have all had the opportunity to portray the hard-luck harlot from the old Ewa-Lei redlight district of Honolulu, who became sexually involved with U.S. Marines and a lecherous soul-saver in Pago-Pago, Samoa.

John Steinbeck in his "Cannery Row," which has a setting of the line of brothels that front the fish canneries along the bay-front of Monterey, California, came out flat-footed and said that prostitutes were as deserving to be put between the hard covers of a book as between the soft sheets of a bed. Steinbeck lived only a short distance away from the bagnios of cannery row, in church-ridden Pacific Grove. I think he licked his chops deliciously as he chewed on this tough

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE

AUTHORS HIT LITERARY JACKPOT AS COMMERCIALIZED VICE BECOMES POPULAR SUBJECT FOR BOOKS AND EVEN MADAMES WIN CRITICAL PLAUDITS WITH THEIR CHRONICLES OF SIN

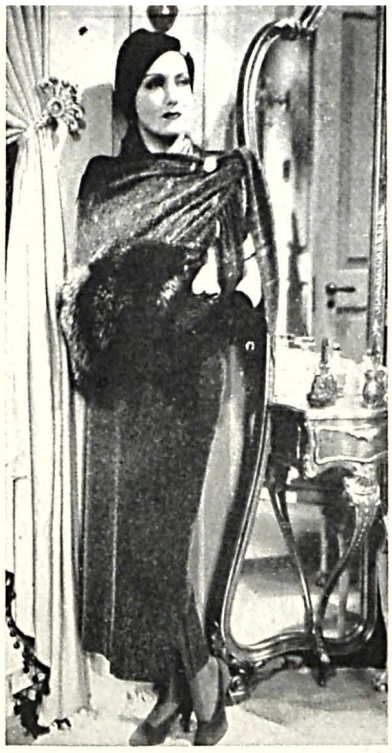
By WILMON MENARD

In movie version of book about madame, "Mamie Stover," Jane Russell appears in swim suits and satins.

bone of morality which was sure to bring down the wrath of the village elders upon his chuckling head. He penned "Cannery Row" with unaccustomed rollicking good humor and tongue-in-cheek satire. The madame and her brood of sentimental trollops evidenced human traits, depths of pathos and all-around warm-heartedness never before chronicled or attributed to inmates of a house of ill-fame.

Coincidentally, I remember the happy, carefree days I spent on the Monterey Peninsula at Carmel, and how, after an exhausting, though thrilling day spent on the Marina side of the bay harpooning basking-sharks for a fertilizer-reducing factory (but reserving their excised livers for a company who processed a cold-cure vitamin oil), I would trudge in the fading twilight up the narrow waterfront street that was hemmed in by

Jeanne Eagels was first to play Sadie Thompson role in "Rain."



Gloria Swanson also portrayed hard-luck strumpet part of Sadie in early movie version of story by Maugham.

Joan Crawford also had her turn in playing Sadie Thompson, which gives star chance for dramatic role.

canneries and brothels. Along the way I would tip my peaked sea-cap politely to the smiling madames and prostitutes who came to the door or windows to call down genuine concern on my fishing luck. I really became very fond of all of them, and when later I read "Cannery Row," I recognized with nostalgic pleasure many of my solicitous, though illicit chums.

Since these two pieces of literature, harlots and madames have begun to emerge in fact and fiction as very compelling and jolly folk, equally as engaging and real as other characters in diverse trades and professions. Consequently, sexual relations had become quite a normal and accepted act for literary heroes and heroines to indulge in, despite the fact that Lord Chesterfield once gloomily observed that the pleasure was momentary, the position ridiculous and the expense atrocious. In any case, the commercialized vice in literature no longer suffers from the quarantine of public opinion.

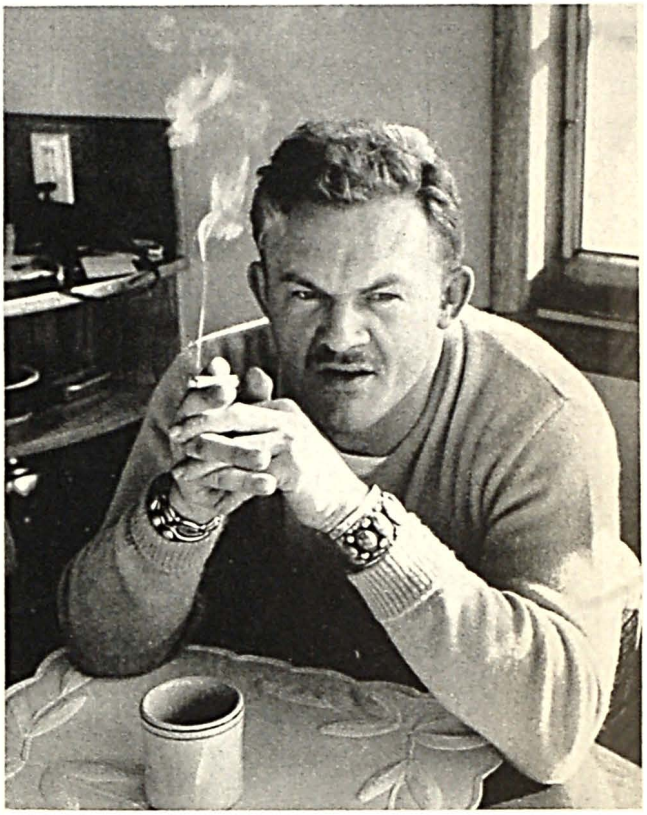
Today the list of lascivious literature on free-lancing floosies and brothel-confined courtesans—with which writers have hit the literary jackpot—has grown by leaps and bounds. Heroines appear to be having a ball in this off-beat profession; and madames of bordellos have become so tenderized and loveable that they could be your dear old Aunt Harriet.

Even Louis Bromfield in his fairly recent novel, "Mister Smith" couldn't resist using an old bromide by having the distinguished lawyer-friend of the fictional biographer have a heart attack and die in a New Orleans knock-shop, operated by a tall, thin, refined spinsterish lady, who had undoubtedly "known better days."

William Bradford Huie, once editor of the American Mercury Magazine, wrote a sensational novel about a luscious blonde girl, who entered harlotry with her eyes wide open and her brain calculatively clear. His "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" has now been filmed by 20th

Rita Hayworth was most recent of Sadie Thompsons, with hectic dance climaxed by GI lifting her up bodily (right).

W. Somerset Maugham helped start drift toward realistic literary handling of bordello theme with "Sadie Thompson."



James Jones has been among most recent to write best seller with harlot character, "From Here to Eternity."

Century-Fox and stars a truly lush lady, Jane Russell. Jane, who began her professional career heaving her well-engineered bosom in "The Outlaw," has been playing it coy in recent years. But when questioned about Mamie, she replied quite succinctly: "Oh, it's about some women who sit around chatting—you know, a chat house." Her opening scene as a madam in "Mamie" has her sitting around counting $100 bills.

"Mamie Stover" in the book version gave an accurate account of how a tall, voluptuous southern girl, after suffering disillusionment and a severe physical chastisement in pursuit of a Hollywood film career, decides to cash in on a commodity that she had been passing freely around the movie-land beat. She becomes a popular prostitute in the licensed brothels of Honolulu, with the determination to make a million dollars and then retire.

Bosomy, long-legged "Mamie" made only half this sum during the booming war years in Hawaii, but she did leave behind an amazing record of democratic service to military men and a unique monument in wood, called "the bull-pen." It consisted of four separate, though proximate cots in divided compartments which she worked with swift and astounding rotation. This structural unit so intrigued the fictional biographer of "Flaming Mamie" that he was tempted to crate and ship it back to the Smithsonian Institute for exhibition as a neat job of functional American ingenuity as well as genuine participation in the Allied victory in the Pacific of World War II.

The movie star "Carrol Dexter" of the book, who scarred Mamie's face with brass-knuckles, ending her career in films and tossing her aboard a freighter-passenger steamer for Honolulu, is easily identifiable, as the composite character of "Mamie." While in Honolulu I met a once-attractive, scar-faced prostitute-madam, originally from Hollywood, who had made a fortune in the flesh trade during the war years. There was also a melancholic blonde harlot who had gone into the real estate business on the side and built a show-place home on Pacific Heights, as had "Mamie." So we must assume that Huie's fiction is not all hooey.

Within recent years there have been an extraordinary number of books like "Mamie" about prostitutes, brothel-keepers and free-wheeling floosies. Some have been factual, authored by "reformed" madames and harlots. Such titles as "I Was a Los Angeles Call Girl," and "Call-House Madame" by the notorious Lee Francis of California have enjoyed sell-out business at the book stores.

One such author I had a chance to see first hand.

Late one evening in a New York City night club, after the orchestra had played "Charmaine" three times in succession, I signalled the waiter to the table and asked: "Doesn't the orchestra know anything except that old sentimental waltz?" My girl friend wanted to rhumba.

He gestured toward a dark corner of the almost deserted club where I could just barely make out the outline of a small dark-haired woman weeping into her drink. "Sorry, sir, but one of our *very best* customers has requested it."

"Who's 'our very best customer'?" I wanted to know.

The waiter stared at me in astonishment. "You don't know?"

I stiffened at his inference that I didn't get around very much. "Why should I?" I demanded frostily.

"Why, that's Polly Adler!" he claxoned in a stage-whisper. "One of the biggest madams in . . . in the world!"

I stared at the hunched figure with renewed interest. I couldn't quite comprehend why a successful brothel-keeper sat alone in an empty night club and boo-hooed into her alcohol when she should have been answering the door and letting lonely men in off the bleak streets of a heartless city. Could she trust her girls to properly keep house?

"I think she's bawling," I said.

"She always cries when the orchestra plays 'Charmaine.' "

"Why?" I wanted to know.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

Some years later I was to find out why "Charmaine" was such a tear-jerker for Polly Adler, when I read her sensational book "A House Is Not A Home," a best-seller account of her souvenirs as a madame. Polly in her days was certainly the queen of commercial vice in New York City. Her assortment of prostitutes were the loveliest and her clientele, though covering quite a range, the best paying. She made and lost a fortune in red lights. Now she is cleaning up on those memorable recollections and is writing another book, recounting the life stories of some her "girls," some of whom have risen high in the world.

Brenda Allen, West Coast madame, is reported writing her memoirs for book.

Polly made money in prostitution because she was shrewd and tough. No daughter of joy, regardless how beautiful and shapely she was, remained long with her unless she kept the carnal cash-register jingling. Her "A House Is Not A Home" is a popular seller because she put into it all of the malarkey she used to force exorbitant fees out of her customers. Typical was her line when she arrived in Europe and saw girls walking the streets. She commented: "It is disgraceful that these women do not have a house even if it is not a home."

The story line of her book is sure-fire. You have Polly coming to the land of promise as an emigrant girl from Russia, and yelling her head off when she saw the Statue of Liberty: her disillusionment in the slums of Brooklyn; slave labor in a sweatshop corset factory. The progression is anticipated: rape at the hands of a city slicker, the proverbial boot out into the cold, unfriendly world—and the inevitable toboggan-slide into a bawdy business.

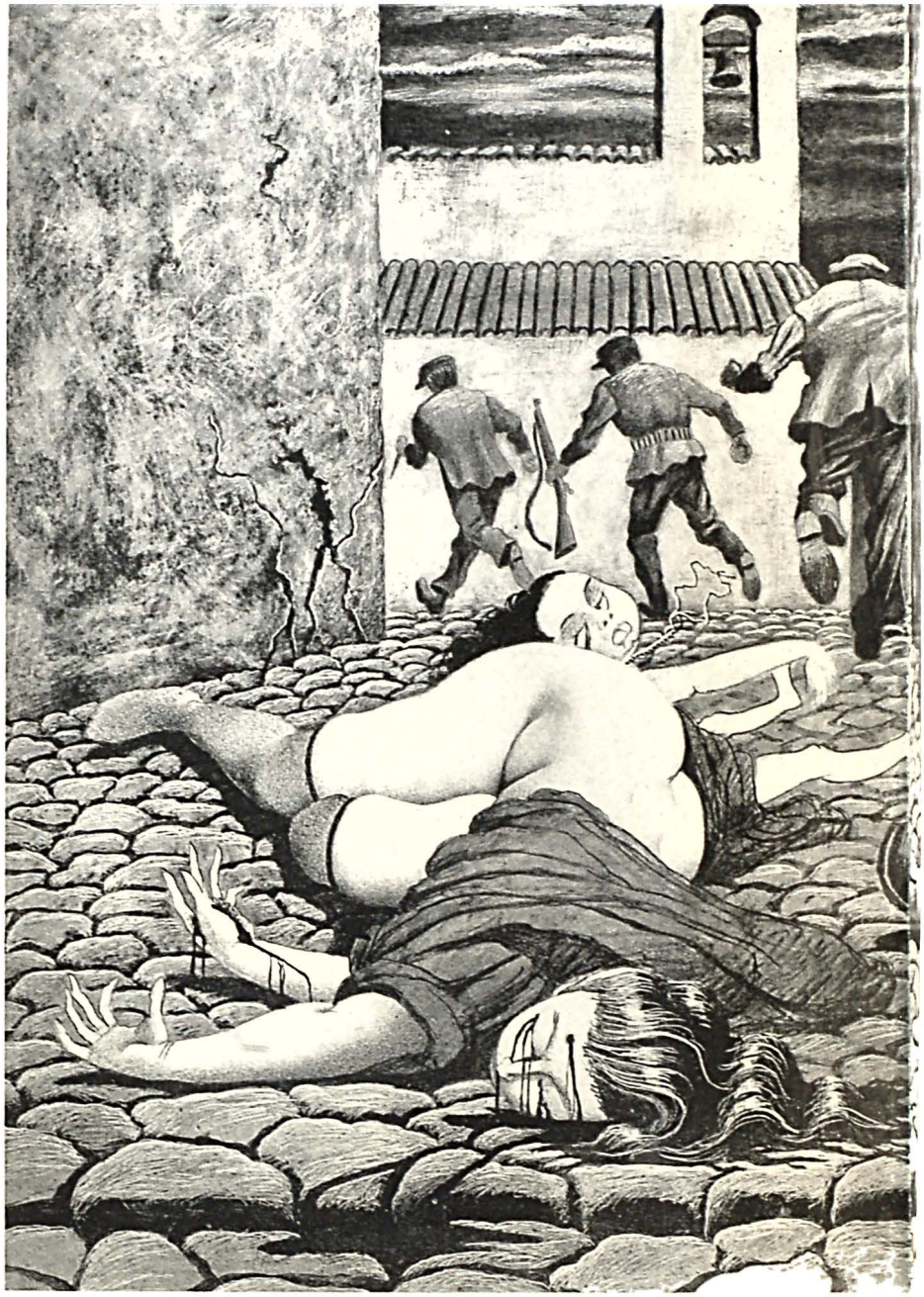
Polly started out as a brothel-keeper at a very early age. A bootlegger by the name of Tony, needing a hideaway where he could keep clandestine meetings with "a prominent woman," had offered to pay the rent on her apartment if she'd permit him to use it "now and then." From that moment Polly was "in the business." Immediately, she realized that a lot of cash *(continued on page 46)*

Back in 20's photographers sneaked shots of Polly Adler at beach with boy friend but today she poses for shots on beach chair as respected author. Her "A House Is Not A Home" has been scheduled for a musical version on Broadway.

ISLAND OF MURDER

SARDINIA IS LAST PLACE ON EARTH WHERE VENDETTA REIGNS, WHERE AN ENTIRE TOWN FACES EXTINCTION BY BLOOD AND TERROR

BY MELTON S. DAVIS



IT WAS sultry the night of June 18, 1955: no moon had risen and the Sardinian night was black and thick. The little old Fiat which was rumbling along suddenly bumped to a halt, brakes screeching. Across the road leading from the capital at Cagliari to the hill town of Orgosolo were heavy boulders forming an effective roadblock.

The driver of the car, 40-year-old Adolfo Senis, peered out uncertainly.

"Who's there? What do you want?"

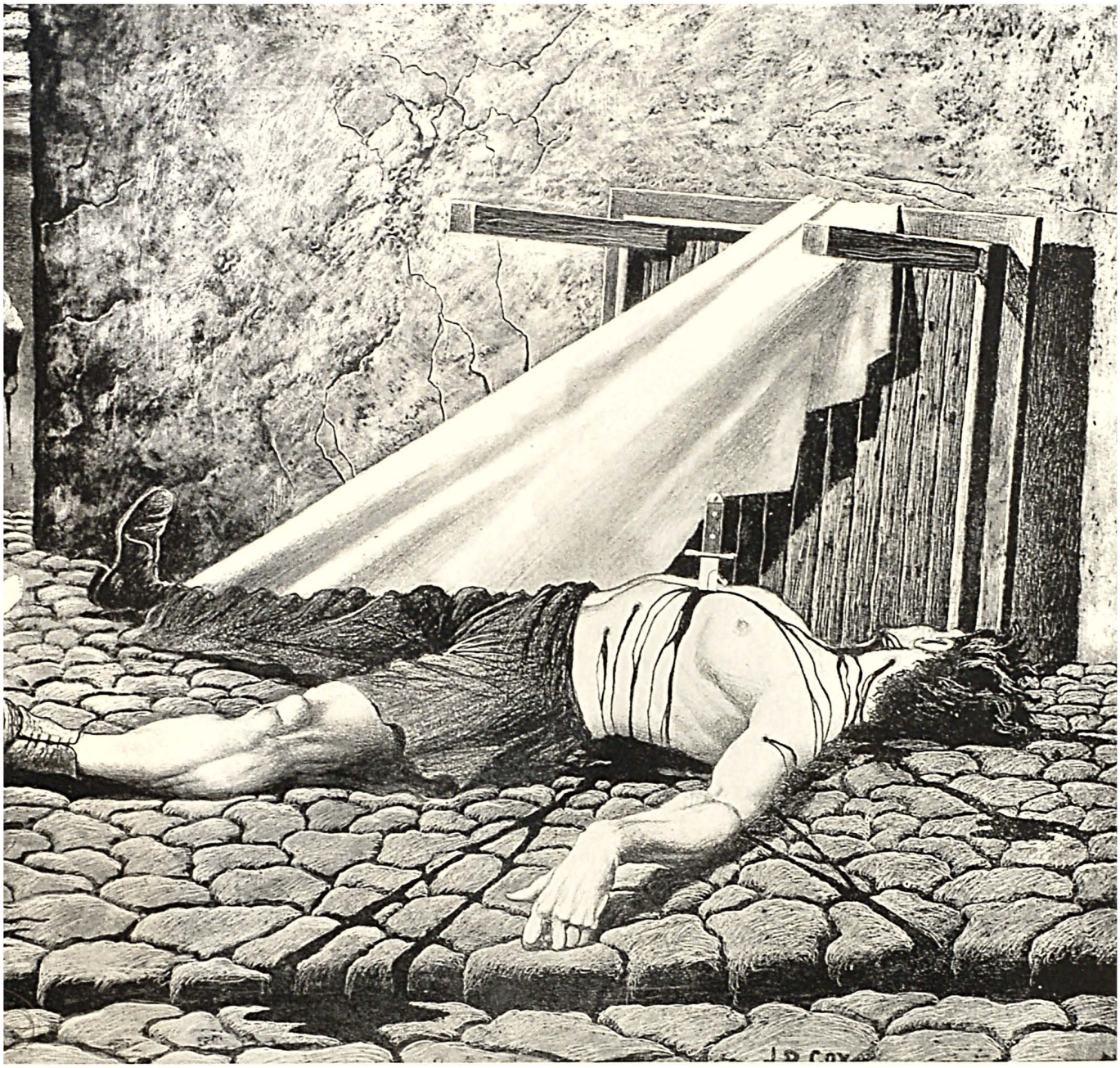
His words fell on the night air. All at once he realized the carefully-staged rockslide was for him! Hastily throwing the car into reverse, and with a grinding of gears, he desperately jammed the accelerator down to the floorboards.

As the car twisted and turned among the rocks, the blackness of the night was split wide open by the jagged stab of machine-gun fire. Piloted only by a corpse, the Fiat crashed into one of the boulders, turned over and lay still, wheels still turning.

Three shadowy figures emerged from their ambush behind the rocks. Silently they dragged the body out of the car. With careful precision one of them fired four rifle bullets at point-blank range. Then each of the assassins stooped, picked up a handful of dust from the road, and, in the traditional sign of scornful triumph, sprinkled it over the body. Then, without a sound, they melted into the night of the island of murder.

Why does murder go unpunished here, just two hours by plane from Rome, the cosmopolitan capital of Italy? Why is the island of Sardinia tightly ruled by terror and infiltrated by fear?

Here in the very heart of this isle is one of the last places on earth where the *vendetta* reigns supreme, where brother



Death strikes anywhere at any time in Sardinia where road worker and his wife were chopped to death with hatchet while infant daughter was strangled just because mother turned down offer of lamb to give her favors to wandering bandits.

kills brother, where the police are deployed, fully armed, in battle positions day and night, where a two-minute walk out of town frequently means an invitation to murder. Here, in one town alone—Orgosolo—400 killings have taken place since 1944! And it's not yet done with death. Unless it's stopped the town is doomed to extinction before another generation can come of age.

Where else would a list of 27 names be painted in the dead of night on a church wall? Then, one by one, these men are picked off—by a rifle shot, a spray of machine-gun fire, a knife sped unerringly to the heart—until 16 of them go to their graves in the little cemetery in the capital of banditland.

Why this vindictive hate, this unrelenting hunger for revenge, this *vendetta* that is passed on from father to son for seven generations before the thirst for blood is slaked?

I started preparing for my trip to Orgosolo in Rome. It was impossible to find a detailed map of the country in which murderers live in daily defiance of the armed forces of Italy. To enter this wilderness without the proper credentials, i.e., the safe conduct guarantee of someone known to the outlaws, can mean leaving feet first. Or not leaving at all. Vultures aren't so common as in Africa, but they're here and seem to be well fed.

I saw government officials, police heads, attorneys, businessmen, priests, petty crooks, wealthy landowners, local newspapermen.

From them I put together the background of the island of murder. I went over it as the plane approached the terror country of Sardinia.

The island's million and a half inhabitants for the most part are hard-working law-abiding citizens. But progress

is being blocked and outlawry becoming an accepted way of life, to the point that death is likely to strike most anywhere and for the most inconsequential reasons.

In one month of this year there were 20 violent deaths directly attributable to *vendetta*, all taking place in or near Orgosolo!

A newspaper item told of a road worker, who, along with his wife, was chopped to death with a hatchet while their infant daughter was strangled with a piece of wire. The wife, said the item, had refused the offer of a lamb for her favors.

No sooner had we landed at the Sassari airport near the coast than Orgosolo hit home with reality.

The driver of the airport bus into town had halted near the commandant's hut to get authorization for an unscheduled stop. One of the soldiers in the back of the bus hooted, "The commandant has to phone Orgosolo for permission!"

On the road inland you begin to get the full impact of the island's brooding stillness and cold stoniness. It's brutal countryside, arid, rock-ridden, desolate, with menace, heavy and unspoken, poised in the air.

On a hillside, a flock of goats huddled in an absolutely stupefied posture of fear. It was a warm day and there was nothing definable to account for it. Maybe they felt part of the *vendetta*, for terror is in the very air.

A few days before I arrived there were 26 people poisoned after drinking goat's milk. "Well," you would say, "this could happen to anyone." But the odd thing is that twenty of those poisoned were policemen.

A steep climb led to Nuoro, the administrative capital of Italy's bloodiest province. Two thousand feet high, it looks out on a low-lying plain, formerly one of the most malarial districts in the island. Behind it, a mountain rises, somber and forbidding. We arrived at nightfall.

"Alt!"

Our car skidded to a halt, its headlights glaring on the figure of a *carabiniere* in full battle kit. I thought I was back in the war as he approached us warily, rifle at the ready. The sensation grew even stronger as my eye took in the jeeps full of armed soldiers lining the road for several hundred yards.

We produced our identification papers and the *carabiniere* scrutinized them carefully by the light of his flashlight. Then he handed them back and whisked his flash carefully over our faces.

"Very well, *signori*, you may proceed."

As our car entered the city of Nuoro, 25 miles from our destination, Orgosolo, I could feel the grim tension in the town. I wanted to drive on that night, but my driver flatly refused.

"No one goes into that valley of death by night."

The next morning I saw some of the men whose names I'd been given. Nuoro was, and is, the headquarters of the fight against the outlaws. It is no coincidence that the large, grey circular prison is the most conspicuous building in town.

In the office of the first man I saw, I was told: "I know the people and I know their stories, but I'm not talking. If I did, I wouldn't be long for this world. Besides, I've got a family and I'm doing all right now."

Others were less helpful. One did his best to persuade me to get back to "*il continente*," the mainland. "Journalists aren't too well thought of around here right now. That Dejana capture has everybody looking twice at people who say they're journalists."

Dejana was a Nuoro shepherd condemned for a killing. He had escaped from prison on the mainland and held the country's police at bay for months. Special troops, spies, bribes and ample funds had not been able to bring him in. He was finally taken by three policemen posing as newspapermen. I was told: "Better disguise yourself as a cop. Down there, they'll be shooting journalists on sight."

Countryside in Sardinia is rugged with few roads. In some areas there are caves so deep that stone cannot be heard when dropped. People say of the Sopramonte plateau: "Ten thousand soldiers couldn't find a man who wanted to hide there."

I was passed on to others like a two-dollar bill. But finally one man told me: "You have come to me well recommended. I will do what I can. But no names must be mentioned. We want no publicity, for we do want to live. Our names will mean little in America and serve nothing. It is best that you do not describe too well the people you meet. This is not a children's game. People are being killed here. Do not be responsible for additions to the list."

The morning I started to leave for Orgosolo, word was around town of another killing there, the second in two days. The first had been ruthlessly stabbed to death, and the second, early that morning, had been shot at close range, his head torn off by the blast. I wasn't too reassured by the fact that neither was a newspaperman.

However, I had a letter in my pocket which I had been assured would serve as a safe conduct pass. All I had to do, kidded the man who gave it to me, was to "show it before they pull the trigger."

I had it fixed in my mind that I would visit the cafés, mix with the people, and try and be nonchalant until I was picked up by those who knew I was coming. But when I got to the end of the town I almost reeled back in surprise. The main street ran for exactly five blocks! There were no cafés, only a few wineshops. Other stores were in the labyrinth of narrow unpaved alleys which ran up and down the hillside. I stood out like a sore thumb in the town, and everybody there knew it.

I made my way to the first of my contacts. A few children were in the streets and one of them gave me directions. It was the only town in Southern Europe that I have seen where the children didn't smile. In fact, no one smiled.

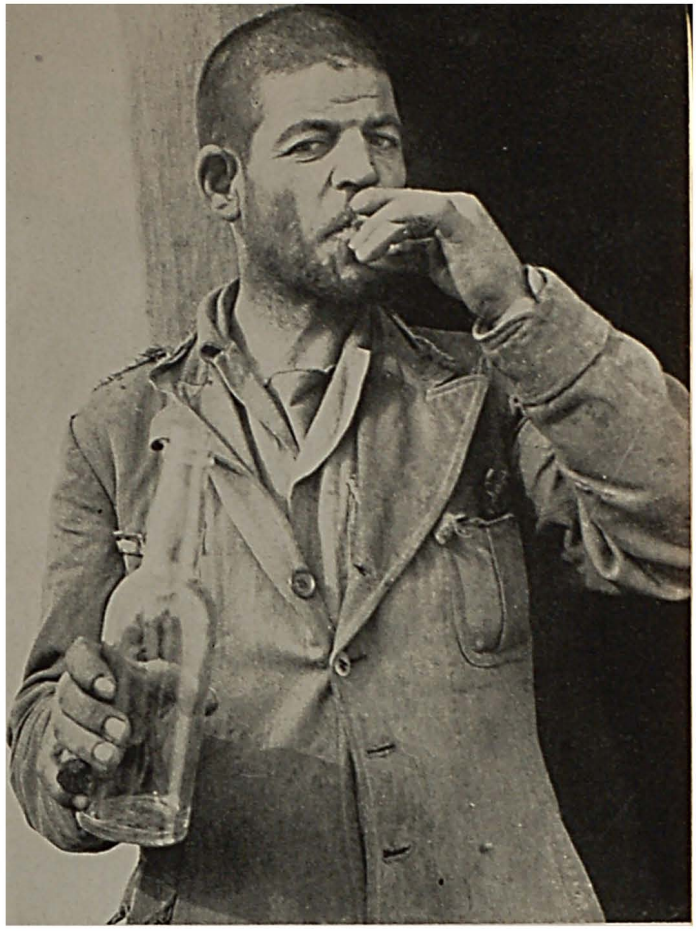
Orgosolo's largest church looks like an overturned boat. The parish priest here has his work cut out for him. In 1948 some masked outlaws robbed the church, while threatening the priest, Don Lai, with guns. They took the alms box, the fund for building a movie ("We have one now. It works fine only there's no sound"), and gold altar ornaments. A committee of villagers tried to get the latter back, but the bandits said they'd kill anyone who tried to do anything about it.

Later, as Don Lai was teaching the children, someone shot at him six times through the window. Luckily unscathed, he was advised to leave the parish. He insisted on staying.

I was taken out into the harsh sun past some plants that were like barbed wire to look at the cemetery. There were no gravestones here, only wooden crosses, no shade trees or flowers, only the miserable scraggly plants. The cemetery, large for a village the size of Orgosolo, is terraced on several levels. "Orgosolo," I was told, "dates from 1600. But soon all its inhabitants will be here. You see what most of these inscriptions say: 'Died tragically.' That's our history, that is our destiny."

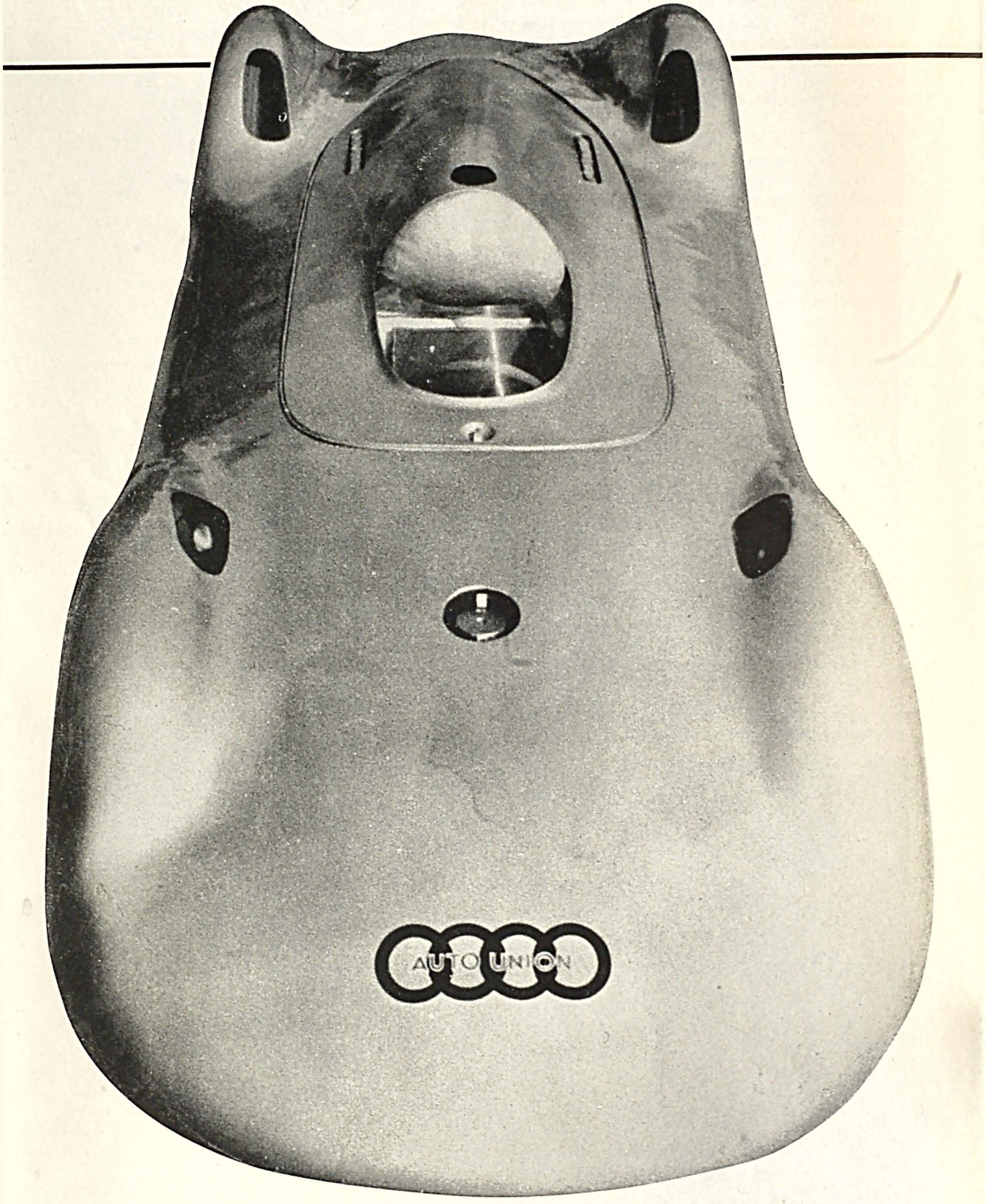
We stopped on the main street while a barber shop was pointed out to me. "Here is the way a family gets wiped out. That shop belongs to the Taras brothers, the barbers of Orgosolo. The first, Nicola, was killed because he knew too much. He was shaving a client and was invited to step outside. Nicola understood and sent the client away. A volley of shots cut him down.

"It was only a few weeks later when it was the turn of the younger brother. They fired on him not far from here. He was only injured and tried to get away, but they caught up with him, cut out his *(continued on page 43)*



Villagers have become tough and hardened to seeing people slaughtered. Family quarrels are often behind vendettas.

Death marches are common with cemeteries filled with victims of vendettas, cause of 400 murders in 12 years.



Streamlined Auto Union was driven to whole series of world records by Hans Stuck in 1936, including 168 mph for 50 miles from dead start on two-lane road.

THE FASTEST RACING CAR IN HISTORY

AUTO UNION SET SPEED AND ACCELERATION RECORDS THAT STILL STAND, BUT AFTER NAZIS TOOK LAST RIDE NOT SINGLE MODEL WAS EVER FOUND

By GRIFFITH BORGESON

THERE NEVER was a car like the Auto Union. From the day of its first appearance at a Berlin track in 1934 it was a sensation. It looked as no race car ever had before, stubby and awkward in front and long and sloping in the rear, where its engine was.

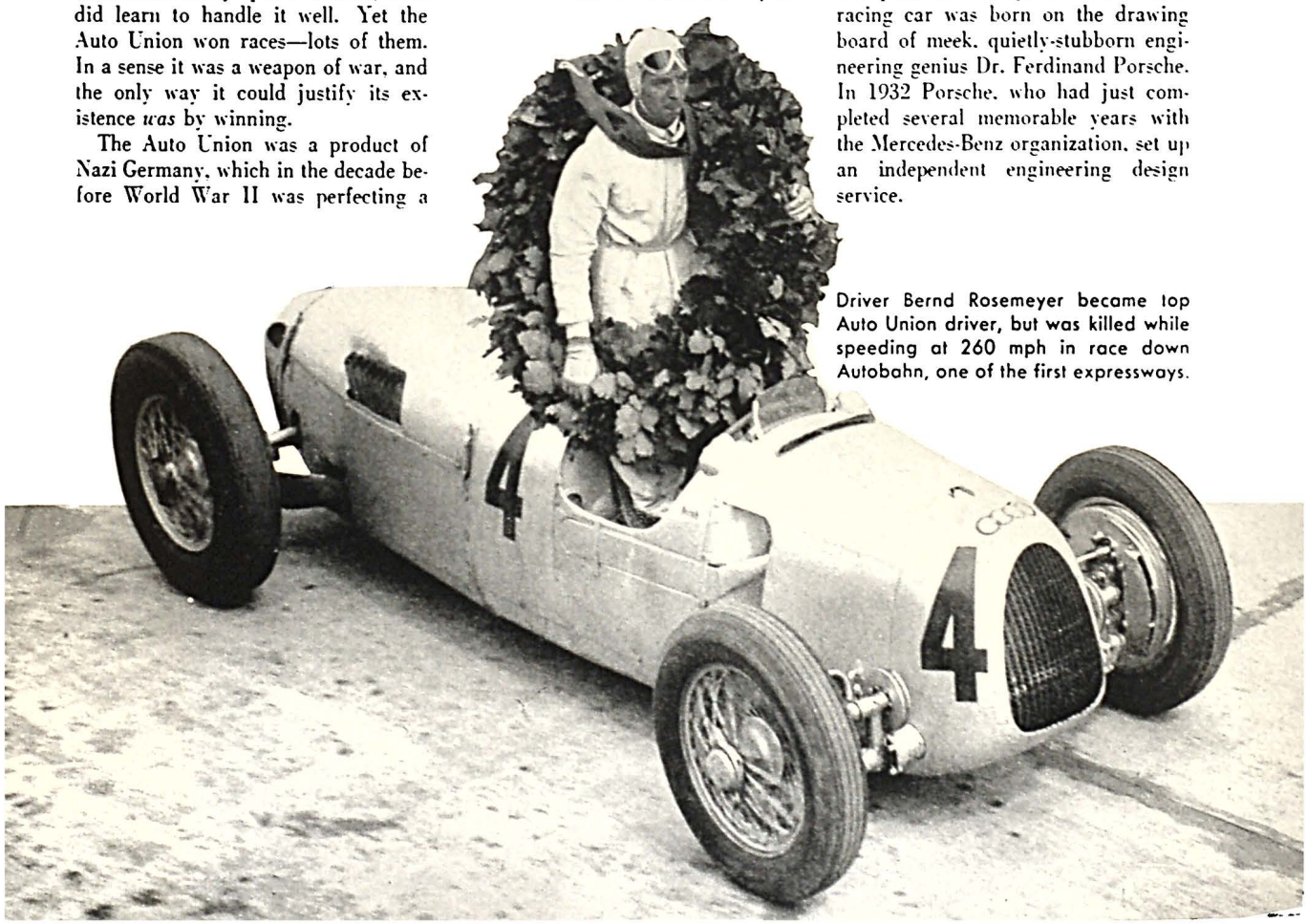
The Auto Union was probably the most powerful car of its time. Certainly it was the fastest. It set speed and acceleration records that still stand today. And it was a vicious, unpredictable car to handle. For drivers—even the most seasoned experts—it was the ultimate challenge. "Race the Auto Union and die" was a double-meaning quip popular among drivers. Only a few, those with fantastically quick reflexes, ever did learn to handle it well. Yet the Auto Union won races—lots of them. In a sense it was a weapon of war, and the only way it could justify its existence *was* by winning.

The Auto Union was a product of Nazi Germany, which in the decade before World War II was perfecting a new science — state propaganda, a deadly serious, deadly important prelude to war. Nazi experts in cold-war psychology overlooked no instrument for convincing the soon-to-be-invaded peoples of Europe of the invincibility of German might and technology.

In the early 30's, as part of its propaganda campaign, and with all the precision and calculation of any army about to undertake a major battle, Germany decided to enter international racing. At this time *grand prix* speed events were perhaps the most important international competitions in Europe. Nearly every event drew screaming crowds of hundreds of thousands. The drivers were idolized heroes, and patriotic feelings often rose to violence. The sport was ruled by three makes, Alfa Romeo and Maserati of Italy and Bugatti of France.

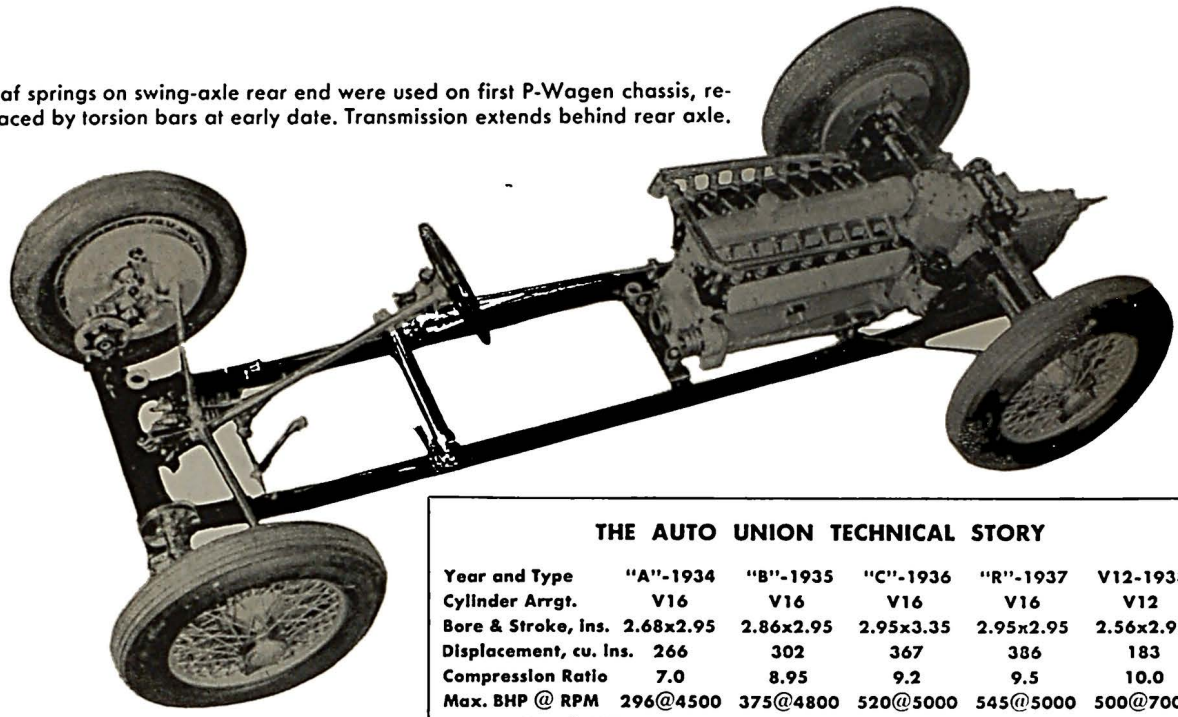
These builders produced fine cars, but compared to what Germany laid on the line they were rank amateurs. The Nazis channelled millions of marks and some of their best engineering talent into the production of racing cars that would win—not just one race, or a few races, but *always*. From this concentrated effort emerged two of the greatest racing stables in history. One of them was the immortal Mercedes. The other was Auto Union.

Like much of the very greatest of European machinery, the Auto Union racing car was born on the drawing board of meek, quietly-stubborn engineering genius Dr. Ferdinand Porsche. In 1932 Porsche, who had just completed several memorable years with the Mercedes-Benz organization, set up an independent engineering design service.



Driver Bernd Rosemeyer became top Auto Union driver, but was killed while speeding at 260 mph in race down Autobahn, one of the first expressways.

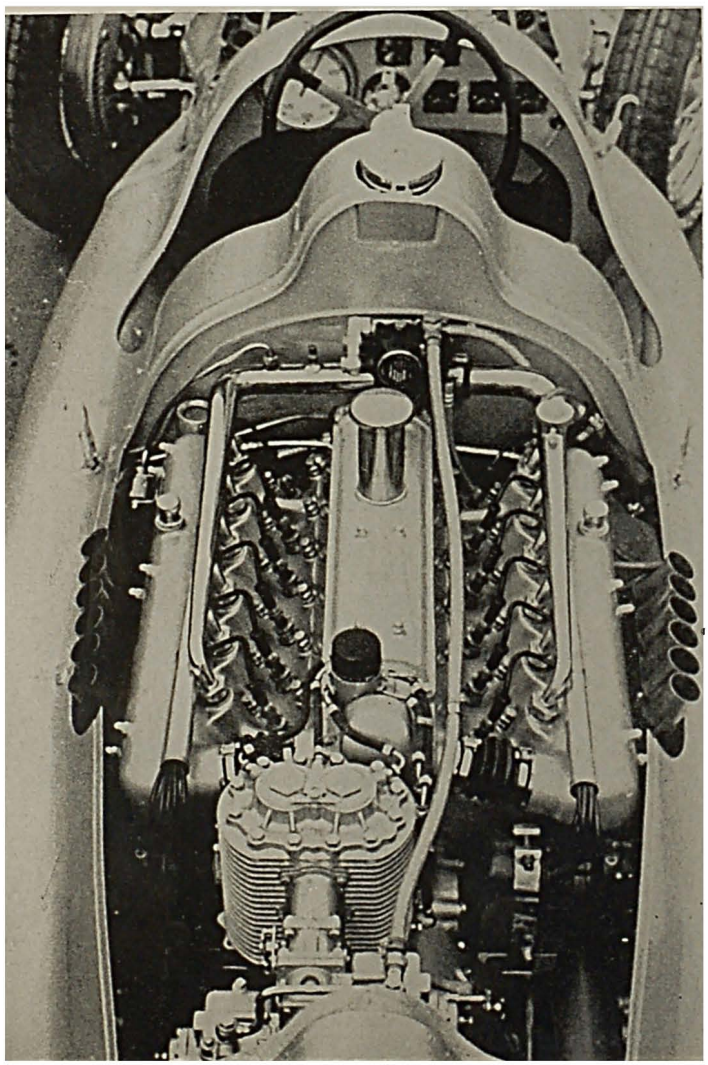
Leaf springs on swing-axle rear end were used on first P-Wagen chassis, replaced by torsion bars at early date. Transmission extends behind rear axle.



THE AUTO UNION TECHNICAL STORY

Year and Type	"A"-1934	"B"-1935	"C"-1936	"R"-1937	V12-1938
Cylinder Arrgt.	V16	V16	V16	V16	V12
Bore & Stroke, ins.	2.68x2.95	2.86x2.95	2.95x3.35	2.95x2.95	2.56x2.95
Displacement, cu. ins.	266	302	367	386	183
Compression Ratio	7.0	8.95	9.2	9.5	10.0
Max. BHP @ RPM	296@4500	375@4800	520@5000	545@5000	500@7000
Approx. Speed, MPH	175	180	195	200	190

Power plant of 183 cubic inch V12 was impressive sight. Big Roots supercharger is behind intake-valve camshaft.



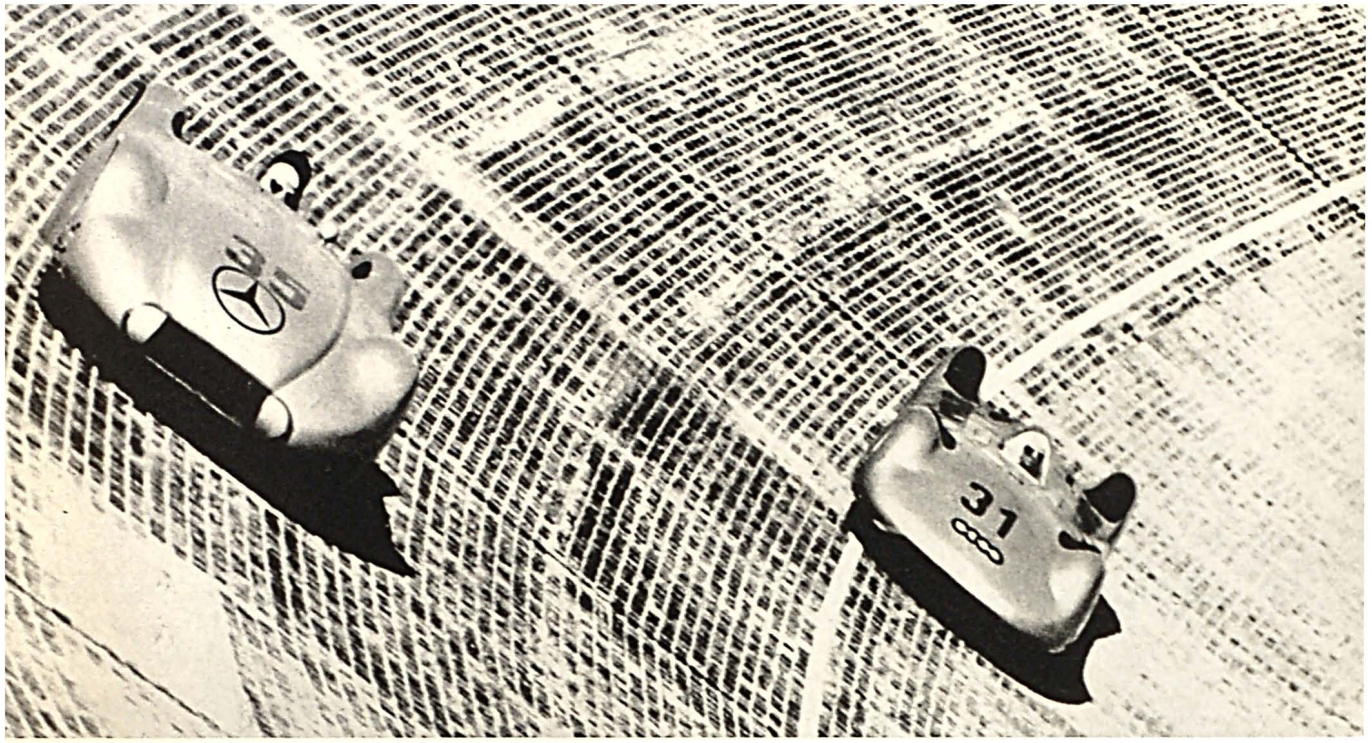
One of his firm's earliest projects, financed by four top race promoters, was the design of a weird car that he called the "P-Wagen." It was low and light and the V-16 engine it carried in the rear of its chassis gave it a fantastic profile and unorthodox dimensions. For the times it was as shockingly radical as a gas-turbine pogo stick would be today. Each of its four wheels was independently sprung, the front ones on torsion bars—a la the 1955 Packard—and by means of ball joints—a la Lincoln, Mercury and Jaguar. The driver sat in the nose of the beast and, because he had no drive shaft to straddle, the seat of his pants skimmed the pavement with a mere 11 inches' clearance.

But any crank can invent novelties. Porsche's greatness was demonstrated in the simplicity with which he solved each design problem. The frame he drew up was a laughably simple rectangle of 4½-inch chrome-moly tubing. To get water from the front-mounted radiator to the rear-mounted engine he simply ran it through the frame tubes.

While V-type Mercedes engines resorted to the costly complexity of four camshafts, the 32 valves of the P-Wagen power plants were opened and closed by a *single* camshaft.

Porsche believed in getting the most from the least. His C-type engine, only a little bigger in the cylinders than a '55 Cadillac, developed a screaming 540 horsepower. With clutch, it weighed 540 pounds, against the 250 bhp Caddy's 720 pounds. True, good looks were not important to Porsche. He just wanted to create an engineering masterpiece, supreme on the drawing board and on the greatest racing circuits in the world. He did it, and did it with a backyard shop's budget.

Rumors about the phenomenal performance of the P-Wagen reached the ears of the directors of Auto Union, a company that had recently been formed by the merger of Horch, Audi, Wanderer and D.K.W. car companies. The directors, well aware of the state prize of around $200,000 a year that was being offered by the government



On steeply-banked turn of fast Avus circuit in Berlin, Mercedes duels with Auto Union. These two cars dominated auto racing in years immediately before war, but faster Auto Union set most of remarkable records many of which still stand today.

to firms building successful *grand prix* race cars, immediately contacted Porsche and bought the design and his services.

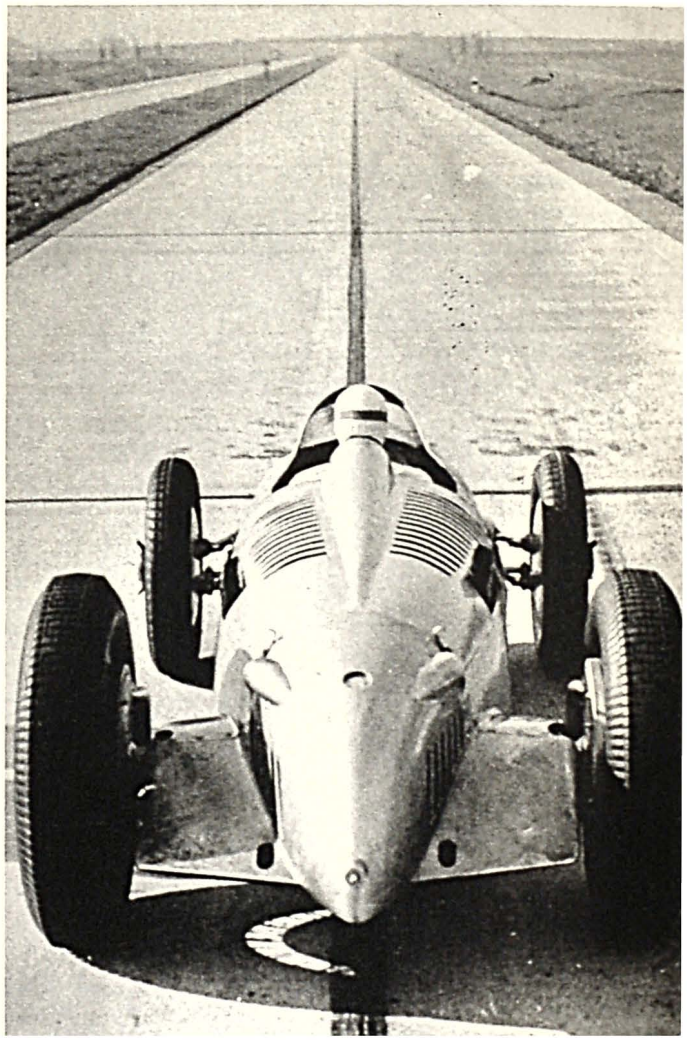
Even though no one doubted the shattering performance of the P-Wagen, some of the Auto Union brass, even at the start, felt uneasiness about the rear-engine design. All that weight in a light body, they argued, and in a position that most drivers were not accustomed to, might make the car hard to handle. But Porsche knew that his basic design was the ultimate in simplicity and efficiency, and he refused to change it.

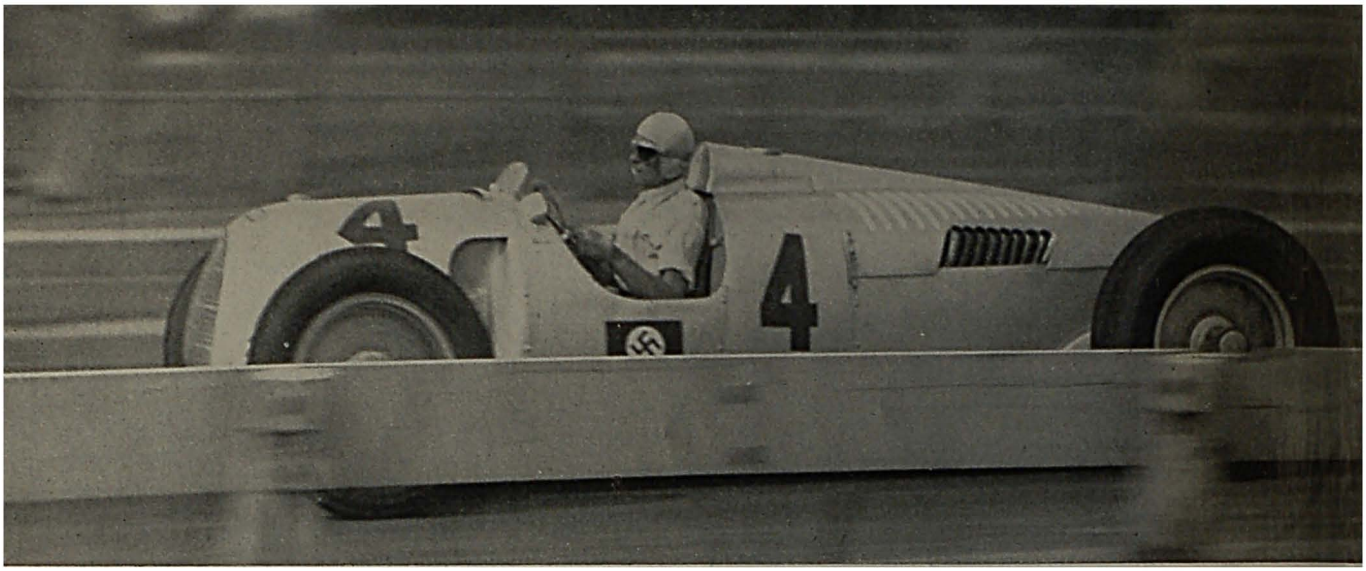
However, the directors had a point. The weight distribution of the P-Wagen was weird and unprecedented. The car went like an unleashed rocket on the straightaway, but nobody ever learned how to take it into and out of a corner really fast. The men who drove it needed nearly instantaneous reaction-time and a kind of odd intuition to be able to predict and handle a slide before it got out of control. Few drivers had these attributes. Many of them crashed and some were killed before they learned the hard way, that the Auto Union was just too much car for anyone but a genius to cope with.

The first great Auto Union driver was a tall, good-looking, polo-coated Austrian named Hans Stuck. Stuck had a superb reputation as a hill-climb driver and he was a good friend of his countryman, Dr. Porsche. He was the man behind the wheel when the Auto Union made its hair-raising debut at the Avus track in Berlin on March 6, 1934. On this day, in spite of a gusty wind that nearly blew it off the course, and in spite of the slow, 60-mph turns at each end of the dog-bone-shaped track, the Auto Union set three new world's records, the fastest being for 200 kilometers at an average of 134.89 mph. Stuck said later that he had not had to turn the engine on all the way to set the unheard-of marks.

This was just the start of a sensational racing season for Auto Union and Stuck. That year, destroying lap records

From standing start Bernd Rosemeyer set record of 138.7 mph for measured mile, reaching 200 mph in last third.



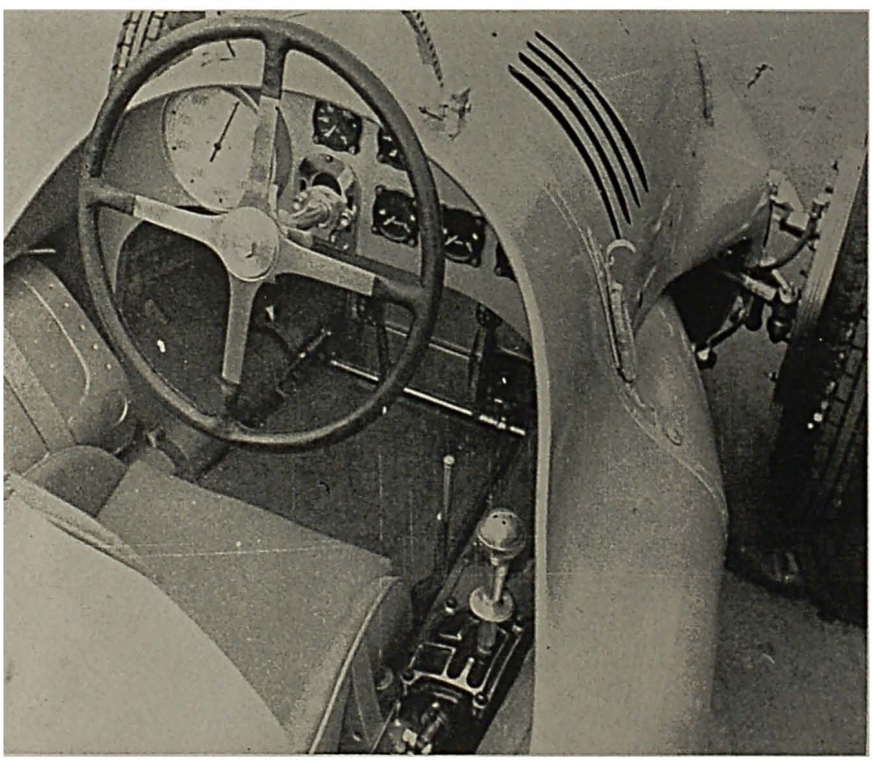


Swastika was carried on Auto Union cars, even when Bernd Rosemeyer raced in Vanderbilt Cup in U.S. and was clocked at 159.8 mph. Storm troopers accompanied drivers on trips to foreign countries to watch over their political behavior.

almost everywhere, he drove the brilliant new car to three firsts and two seconds in major *grand prix* races and took four wins — here, too, breaking records—at important hill-climbs. It was no surprise to anyone when he was declared European champion for 1934. And to top off the season Stuck and a streamlined version of the Auto Union set another long list of world's records, one of them averaging 152.18 for 100 kilometers—again on the then-slow Avus track.

The next year Auto Union bored out its engines for bigger displacement and signed Achille Varzi, one of the great "classic" Italian drivers, as Stuck's co-leader. Rumors current at the time had it that Varzi was never entirely satisfied with the P-Wagen's handling, but nevertheless he and Stuck — and the similarly government-subsidized Mercedes team—pushed lap speeds to new, unheard-of heights up to 190 mph on the straights!

Tires became a critical factor; after just a few laps at the appalling new speeds tread would fly and casings would burst. At the Avus track that year Stuck took his first trial lap from a standing start at 158 mph, faster than anyone else's *flying* start. (Remember that today, 20 years later, the *flying* lap record at Indianapolis is just over 141 mph.). In 1935 Varzi, Stuck and a novice driver named Bernd Rosemeyer took the Auto Union to four *grand prix* victories and Stuck continued to knock off most of the important hill-climb wins.



Cockpit of V12 was neat, controls simple. Tachometer reads to 8000 rpm. Steering column was vertically adjustable and fuel tank mounted on side of driver.

Auto Union began the 1936 season with another battery of world's records, the fastest this time 192.12 mph for five kilometers—this on a rain-soaked, skiddy road with miserable visibility! But the racing season itself started off poorly. Varzi was old, ill and on the verge of retirement. In pre-race practice a promising young driver named Heyder was killed by the incredibly fast, always tricky Auto Union which for this year had a still larger, more powerful engine. Stuck continued to rack up straightaway records and hill-climb wins, but was waning in road racing. However, Bernd Rosemeyer, the previous year's novice, started hitting what was to become a legendary stride.

Rosemeyer is universally accepted as one of the *(continued on page 40)*

With the vernal equinox on the horizon and balmy days ahead, Nature beckons to the great outdoors once again and brings a new freedom of mind, body and spirit. To men of the arts Spring is a time of inspiration, a time to commune with nature once again. Artists head out into the countryside with their pallets and poets descend from their ivory towers to feel the pulse of life again. Men of art sing the praises of Spring, of the greenery of Nature. On these pages that spirit is translated graphically by realistic nature photos by Andre deDienes and Zoltan Glass.

Art Gallery

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at thy workmanship.
— John Milton

Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft Spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing,
In the shade of the whispering trees.

—*Charles Kingsley*

Art Gallery

Art Gallery

All Nature seems at work.
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

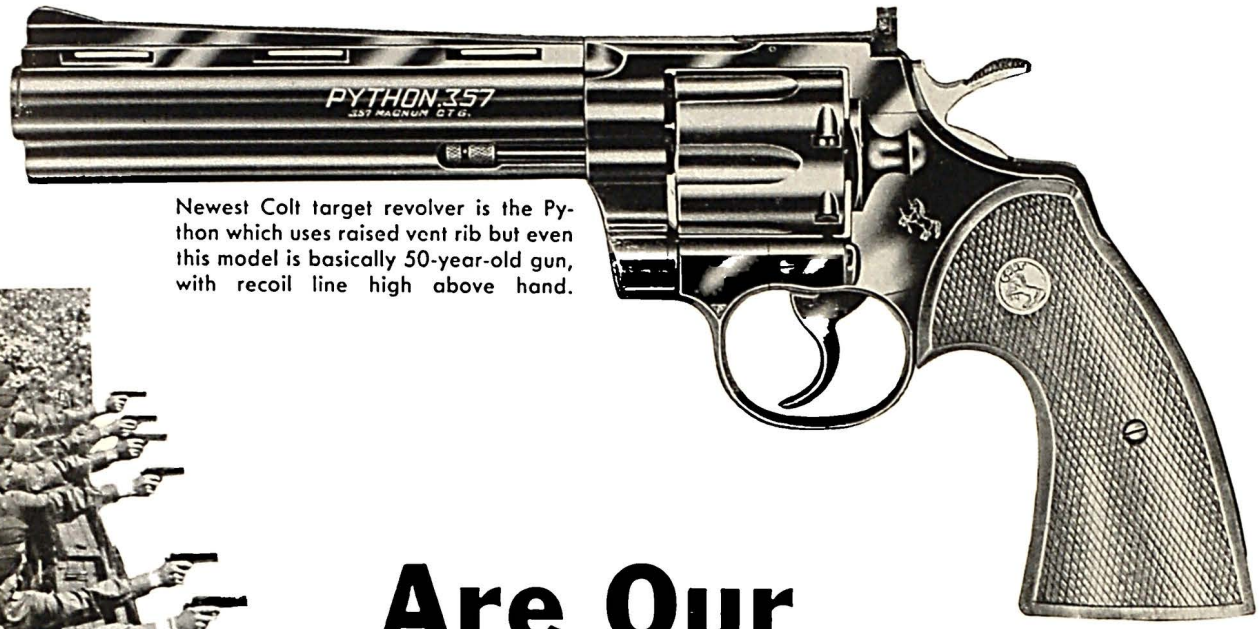
There is virtue in the open; there is healing out of doors.
The great Physician makes his rounds along the forest floors.

—*Bliss Carman*

Art Gallery

Go then and plant a tree, lovely in the sun and shadow,
Gracious in every kind—maple and oak and pine.
Peace of the forest glade, wealth of the fruitful meadow.
Blessings of dew and shade, hereafter shall be thine.

—Marion Couthouy Smith



Newest Colt target revolver is the Python which uses raised vent rib but even this model is basically 50-year-old gun, with recoil line high above hand.

Rugged .45 auto is tough as monkey wrench and almost as old, being basic pattern of 1908.

Are Our Target Pistols Obsolete?

IN TERMS OF FITTING AND ACCURACY, HANDGUNS OF TODAY HAVE NOT ADVANCED TOO MUCH SINCE COLT ARMY SAW LIGHT OF DAY BACK IN 1889

By COLONEL CHARLES ASKINS

AMERICAN TARGET HANDGUNS, supposedly the very acme of modern development, are about as old as that corn about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter.

Take the Colt Officers Model Match as an example. This gun has been more than a half-century in existence, basically. It is a hand-me-down from the old Colt Double Action Army that first saw the light of day back in 1889. Fundamentally the piece has remained unchanged. It is built on a .41 caliber frame and other than adding a heavy barrel plucked from the Colt New Service, first made in 1900 and discontinued during the late '30s, it is essentially the same.

True, sights have been improved somewhat, the hammer spur broadened, and efforts made to smooth up the working parts but aside from these minor betterments it is the same old cannon. And this mind you is the best of our "target" handguns!

The finest of the Smith and Wesson "target" revolvers

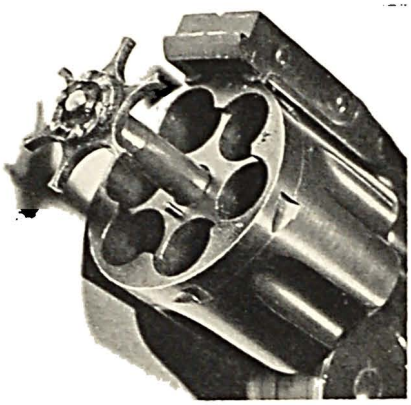
Colt "Trooper" has modern sights but is basically old .41 frame of 1889.

Smith & Wesson of '20s was no improvement over earlier appearance.

Latest S & W Combat Masterpiece has fast action but retains "old look."

shapes up to a similar story. The basic frame—the very heart of any firearm—on which the entire "K" series of Smith guns are built came along in 1899. The Springfield, Mass., gun shop of late has been building some heavier "K" models for target use but these are made with hardly any change on the old "K" frame.

The .357 Magnum, still looked on as a "new" gun even though it was sprung on an unsuspecting public by the inimitable Doug Wesson some two decades back, is not and never was a new revolver. The old .44 frame of 1907 was utilized, Doug simply taking advantage of modern advancement in metallurgy to handle the hotter load.



Defect in most modern revolvers is fragile turning ratchet and cylinder stop slots which get burred in use.

American handgunners are a naive crew of country bumpkins to ride along with a collection of shooting irons which were old when Dempsey flattened Jess Willard.

Every year we expect to see the new auto improved from bumper to bumper and take for granted the continued betterment of the TV set, our electric shavers, the little woman's washer, outboard motors, and the miscellany of complex gadgetry that is part and parcel of the atomic age. But the handgun has not kept pace. Today's onehand shooting iron as compared to the Ford Thunderbird is about as up-to-date as the crate the Wright boys got off the sands at Kitty Hawk.

It is time shooters reared up on their hind legs and demanded some modernization.

But some may say didn't Torsten Ullman, the great Swedish marksman, cop the world's slow fire championship at Caracas last winter with an American sixshooter? Why then all this hullabaloo? Ullman won the match with a U. S. gun all right and our headliners go along year after year shooting good scores, not because of the inherent ability of the weapons but due to the remarkable state of training of the users. Our shooters, and Ullman as well, are in pretty much the same position as a ranking racing driver who might enter the 500-mile Indianapolis run with a 1912 chariot.

It costs a whale of a lot to design, develop, test, and finally produce a new firearm, several millions of dollars as a matter of fact. It is a whole lot cheaper to just add a new barrel to an old gun, alter the sights, attach a raised ventilated rib, broaden the hammer spur, and then think up a catchy new model name. Something like the "Super Atomic Heavy Barrel Master's Special" or other simple little sobriquets. This kind of hocus-pocus fools the boys year after year. It is millions cheaper than really giving 'em something new, so why modernize the line?

Just what is wrong with these target irons that we've had around since Mae West was a virgin?

To begin with and most basically the frame is too deep. The hand is positioned too far below the axis of the bore. This highly undesirable fault exaggerates the recoil and accentuates any cant that may develop.

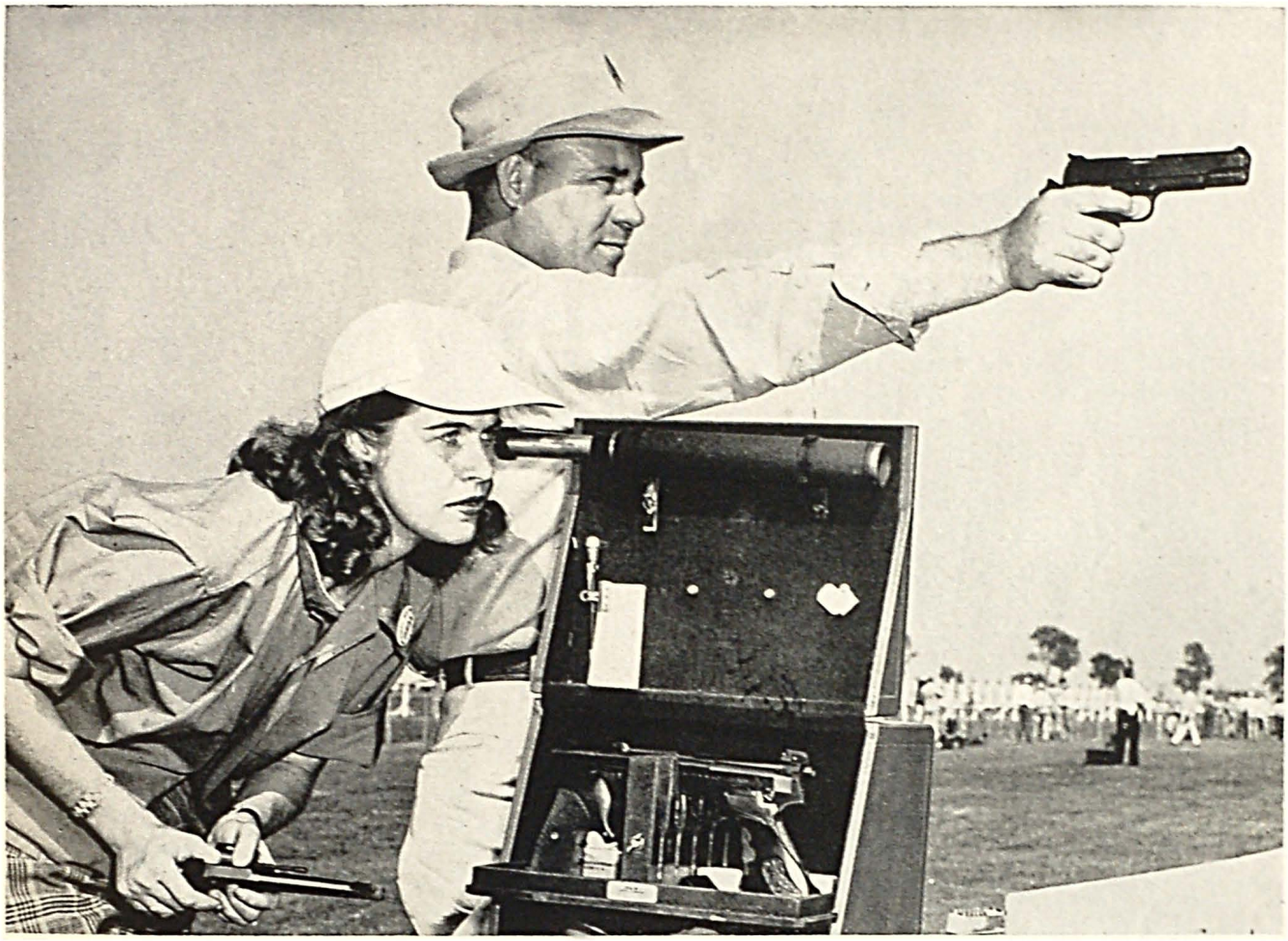
A properly designed handgun should have a frame so shallow as to see the barrel stand no higher than the top of the shooting fist. When the barrel is positioned, inches above the supporting hand, as it is now, it develops a pronounced turning motion on recoil which not only punishes the gunner but does grave harm to accuracy.

The revolver commences to recoil before the bullet quits

New look to government Colt consists of round 1898 type hammer, short slide.

Newest S & W automatic combines 1908 Colt and 1929 Walther features.

Walther P-38 of 1935 set style in grip, action, but newer model is on way.



Champion shooters like national titlists Harry Reeves or Alice Matthews rarely use guns as received from factory. Custom grips are fitted to Woodsman Colt and Officers Model revolver in case. Gunsmiths specialize in refining guns for matches.

the barrel. Due to the support far below the axis of the bore, this up-flip at the muzzle is very pronounced. Since the fingers cannot apply an exactly similar pressure to the stock every shot, the recoil sometimes will raise the muzzle ½-inch, the next shot ¾-inch, and when the marksman commences to tire a little, as much as a full inch. Multiply these differences by 50 yards, normal shooting distance, and you'll begin to appreciate why shot groups show such dispersion vertically.

The revolver frame, whether Colt or Smith and Wesson, is an atrocious old piece of junk. It is an antique as thoroughly and completely obsolete as the bow and arrow and in my feeling should be relegated to the London Tower along with breastplates and chastity belts.

The revolver, even with the much-needed face-lifting in the shape of a modernized frame, is finished in my opinion. The cylinder arm has seen its best day. It is as doomed as the buffalo and the dodo. The gun of tomorrow will be the auto-loading pistol.

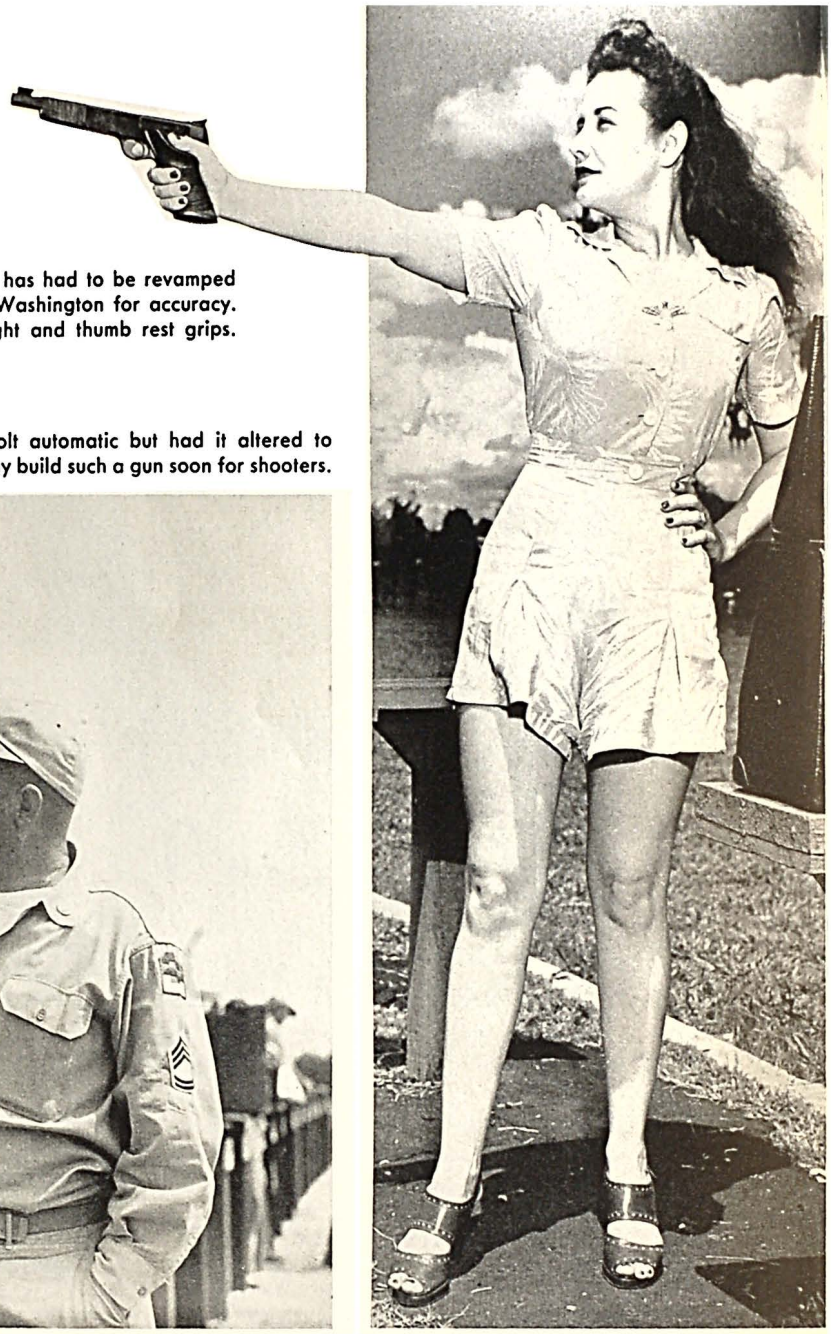
If the sixgun frame was all that needed redesigning, we would not have too much to complain about but that is only one of many faults.

The action is as antiquated as Billy Sunday's concept of Hell. The cylinder is bored with six holes. Rarely are these chambers sunk with such fine precision as to see each roll into true alignment with the bore. And even granted the cylinder was machined so that every chamber was absolutely concentric, there is an unbelievably crude mechanism for rotating the cylinder horrendous to behold!

The cylinder is turned by a ratchet which also serves as the head of the extractor, and is acted upon by a soft bit of steel variously called the "hand" or "pawl." This hand soon wears at nose and shoulder and it then follows, as a matter of course, that the chamber falls short, on rotation, to line up.

Interestingly, the gun will still fire even though the chamber and barrel are out of plumb. It is not especially dangerous because the bullet manages to wedge its way into the bore-throat but in so doing it is shaved on the one side and flattened on the other. The accuracy of such a slug can be imagined.

Sort of adding insult to injury is the long-standing practice of the manufacturers to build cylinders for the longest cartridge of the caliber. Take the .38 special as an example. The standard round for the .38 is the 158 grain conical bullet. The cylinder is made for it. However, all target gunners fire only the 148 grain wadcutter. This bullet is flat-nosed and is seated to its full length in the cartridge. This means when it is fired the slug must make a free leap of ½-inch before reaching the bore. Even granted the cylinder was the best ever machined, with six perfectly concentric chambers, and the hand rotated each into perfect alignment. The fact that the square-nosed wadcutter has to make a flat-footed jump of five-tenths inch before entering



Standard Colt Woodsman has had to be revamped by Mrs. Jack Hickman of Washington for accuracy. She added taped-on weight and thumb rest grips.

World record marksman Joe Benner uses Colt automatic but had it altered to fire .38 Special accurate target loads. Colt may build such a gun soon for shooters.

the barrel is enough to mutilate it beyond hopes of securing real target accuracy.

Custom gunsmiths frequently shorten the cylinder to more properly handle the wadcutter. As a part of the operation they relocate the shoulder of the barrel and thread the tube back through the frame so as to bring it flush with the shortened cylinder. The jump of the flat-nosed slug is thereby eliminated and accuracy very materially improved.

The hammer fall on the revolver is fully twice too long, may be even as much as three times too lengthy. The finest marksman cannot call his shots precisely because the hammer falls so far, takes so long, and hits so hard. Actually the gun moves while the hammer is swinging.

The rotation of the cylinder is tied to the movement of the hammer. In present designs the hammer has got to have a long travel to permit the hand to move upward and twirl the next chamber into line. Custom smiths have at least partially licked the problem with the "short action," a redesign which has lessened the fall of the hammer but still permits the cylinder to rotate the necessary distance. The work at best is an improvisation. What is needed is a completely redesigned action.

Now for a long look at the automatic pistols currently on the scene.

The only worthwhile inventor of auto pistols we have ever known was the Mormon genius, John Browning. He died in 1926. Those weapons manufactured under license by the Colt Company were accepted from inventor John between the years of 1903 and 1911. Since then there has been precious little activity.

Colt came along with the Woodsman in 1915, improved it very slightly in 1928, and finally made additional changes to the mechanism and barrel directly after the second World War. Gus Swibelius *(continued on page 41)*

BOSOM SECRETS OF BURLESQUE

BUILT-IN BUST IS NEWEST THING FOR PERFORMERS AND RENE ANDRE FINDS SHE'S BIGGER STAR THAN EVER WITH PLASTIC SURGERY

BY DAN CHRISTOPHER

"A STRIPPER without a full-sized bosom is like Brooklyn without a bridge—nowhere!" That confession from René André, for three years a stellar attraction at the El Rancho Club in Los Angeles, pretty well sums up the current status of the female burlesque fraternity. This is the age of the big bosom and the girl without the proper pectoral attributes is not likely to make much headway in the profession.

As a result burlesque has its current share of bosom secrets—and one of the most talked-about is René André's. She is a stripper who once suffered from an inferiority complex because she was a flattie.

But René decided to do something about it. Her remarkable story dates back to 12 years ago.

A darling little thing with copper red hair and a fetching, gamin-like smile, René began her career as a peeler at the ripe age of 15. She remembers, "Things were so different then. A girl with a reasonable figure, nice legs and fair looks could be a stripper . . . a big hit. Then, all of a sudden, the customers started asking for bigger and bigger busts. It was discouraging."

René found herself doing more and more of her act with her back to the audience. She was possessed of a reasonable 34 inches, but appearing on stage after two or three other acts in which the girls displayed more massive attractions . . . well, that was too much.

What did René do? She went to a

Benefits of bosom operation are liberally displayed by Rene Andre in performances at Los Angeles night club. She says: "Nothing has given me more poise."

Use of filmy veils adds to tantalizing character of Rene's appearances at El Rancho, where she has been three years.

plastic surgeon, and life has been delightfully different ever since.

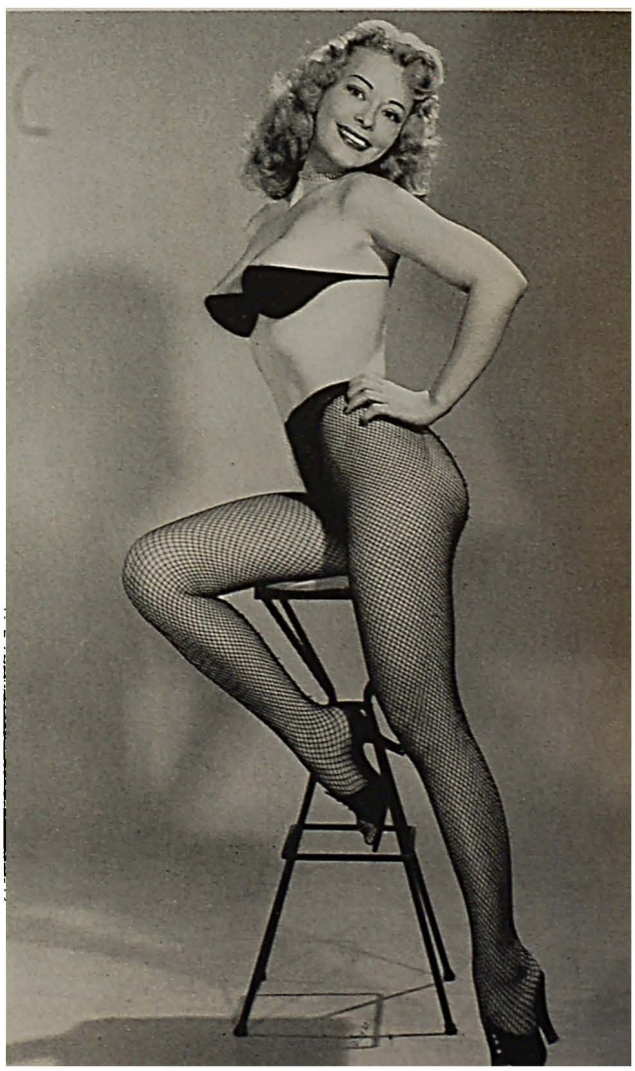
René emerged from surgery (performed by a fine Beverly Hills specialist) with a bustline of 39 glorious inches. Not only was her bosom increased, but its shape was perfect, its uplift permanent. René will never again need to wear a bra.

She is disarmingly frank about her operation and its effects. In her words, "It's the simplest operation in the world. Just two tiny one-inch incisions are made, one at the bottom of each breast. Then the doctor puts in a flexible nylon disc, cut in the correct shape, and takes a few stitches, and the operation is over. You heal in a few days and stop feeling anything at all in two months. There is *no* loss of sensitivity. And the operation doesn't harm you in any way."

René might have added that the operation harms in no way except financially. Such a remodelling job is reputed to cost a cool one thousand dollars. To be able to afford such surgery, Miss André had to lead a most interesting and successful career . . . and that she did.

Ervieréné Louise André first peeked at daylight in Memphis, Tennessee, 27 years ago. Papa, Monsieur Ervie André, was pure French. René's mother was half French-Canadian, half Japanese. Tragedy dogged her family. René's father died when she was less than a year old; her mother died when she was only five.

Raised by foster parents in Memphis, she showed early



Long net stockings have become regular prop in Rene's act. She shows remarkable control of body muscles to audiences.

precocity, completing work at the Catholic Good Shepherd High School there at the age of 14. At 15 she tasted her first show business success, doing all of the female voice parts on WHBQ's radio series, "Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Later that same year, lying like a trooper about her age. Miss André made her debut on the burlesque stage. She was fully developed physically, but utterly lacking in any musical or stage training.

"The Rialto Theater in Chicago gave me a chance. I walked on stage, the last strip in the act. Well, I couldn't even *walk* in time with the music . . . much less dance in time to it. I opened and closed in one day."

Then the patient and motherly Mrs. Myrtle Nathan of the 606 Club in Chicago took René under her protective wing. "Mama" Nathan saw great possibilities in the cute young Memphis girl with the turned-up nose and the slender, pretty figure. In six months she had René fully trained. The cycle was complete. René was called back to the Rialto with star billing!

Aside from her natural good looks, René had one other attribute which made her a burlesque success. She was born with a fantastic muscular control. She can make tiny muscles in some of the most peculiar parts of her anatomy perform solo bits. She needs no tassels to emphasize to an audience that she can make her bosom perform acrobatics . . . in many strange directions, and in perfect time to music!

This combination of talent and good looks soon won her top bookings at most of the important burly houses in the country. She played the Howard in Boston, Minsky's, the Palace in Buffalo, the Casino in Toronto, the Follies in Los Angeles, and dozens of others.

One day in 1952, Esther Wright, owner, stage-manager and talent scout for the Los Angeles El Rancho Club spotted René at the Follies. She was delighted when René consented to appear at the club. René was an instant

Thousands of inquiries have been received by Rene from women wanting to know where they can get plastic surgery similar to hers. Many curious want to see if there are any scars.

Furs and finery make perfect setting for Rene's shapely figure, remodelled by plastic surgery. She says: "Nothing else in my whole life has given me more self-confidence."

success and has been the feature attraction at the peelery ever since. With the exception of a few lucrative outside appearances, such as her recent stint at the Las Vegas Showboat, she has done almost all of her work at the El Rancho.

To understand the power René wields over the habitués of the El Rancho, you have to know the physical layout of the club. The El Rancho stage juts out into the audience with ringside tables edging on three of its sides. This gives most of the customers an unobstructed view, front or back, of what is happening on stage.

René usually performs four times in the course of an evening, with each act different in format. One thing is common in all of her performances, however. She is billed as "Look Ma, No Bra" and she lives up to billing.

While most ecdysiasts do as much tantalizing as possible before they remove the upper story covering, René does just the opposite. Within a moment after she appears on stage, she has peeled off her outer dress and is offering her most appealing features (covered only by the legally-required pasties) for her viewers' full enjoyment.

She then completes the several other minutes of her act without the bra. Her ardent fans, leaning over the stage from all directions, shout encouragement.

In one of her acts she quickly peels, sets her flexible muscles bouncing in rhythm with "I've Got You Under My Skin," and then retires to a round table. This leopard-skin covered prop is six feet in diameter and only a foot or so off the *(continued on page 41)*

MODERN MAN'S ALMANAC

FUNNIEST NEW SLOGAN is the safety gimmick dreamed up for those speedsters who zip off the waves without regard for others in motorboats. Displayed at the motorboat show by one manufacturer, it says: "Think—Or Thwim!"

△△△

BEST PUBLICITY GAG of the month comes from Wyoming, where a Jackson Hole local chamber of commerce unit extended a bid to movie star Anita Ekberg to attend a local event and informed her that if she came, the most famous twin peaks in the state would be renamed for her.

△△△

ARTIEST ARTISTS are the bosses of Pittsburgh's Art Institute who fired a nude model because she refused to take off her sandals while posing. Dean Vincent Nesbert, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1921, informed the girl that the students "are here to paint your toes as well as your face and form. After all art is art." The girl retorted that she had to draw the line somewhere.

△△△

MOST ASTUTE COMMENT in the continuing General Motors-Ford sales battle is the fellow who noted: "How come they say Henry Ford was rich when he never owned a Cadillac."

△△△

BEST AD for the Folies Bergere tour of Italy comes from the Vatican newspaper, L'Osservatore Romano, which is running a campaign against the famous show from Paris. The paper wrote: "It is said that the artistic director of this show distributed to his dancing girls three postage stamps apiece and told them to get dressed in them."

> **Getting married is like getting hanged, is probably a lot less dreadful than it has been made out.**
>
> **—H. L. Mencken**

MOST IMAGINATIVE ARTIST in Paris is the fellow who took a whimsical look at the charms of Gina Lollobrigida and was inspired to paint something he called "Lollipop." Japanese artist Ruythi Souzouki's painting showed two bald gents gazing at Gina. Their bald heads are placed in a most appropriate spot to emphasize her best points (see photo).

WEIRDEST ACT in show business is performed by a chap named Boyd Crumley who really seems to get a big bang out of life. Twice a day with a travelling carnival he blows himself up in a box with two sticks of dynamite. He gets $600 weekly for the chore performed while wearing a crash helmet, ear plugs and goggles. So far he's only had one accident that sent him to the hospital—a concussion. He bought the act from a fellow who retired after losing an arm, a leg and both ear drums.

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MOST ASTUTE POLICE CHIEF in the nation is Miami's Walter Headley, who recognizes the facts of life and is not afraid to talk about them. Speaking about Marilyn Monroe's famed nude calendar photo, police chief Headley commented: "I don't see anything obscene about the human breast." Would-be censor Regina McLinden's comeback was: "Nor do I, but let's keep the breast in its place."

△△△

BRAVEST CHALLENGE of our times comes from stripper Evelyn West, who claims that the biggest bosoms in Hollywood are strictly falsie. Evelyn says that Marilyn Monroe is way below her claimed 36, can bust the tape at no higher figure than 32. Jane Russell is "way down from her erstwhile 38 bosom," insists Evelyn. It was Evelyn by the way who taught Jane that sensuous dance in "The French Line" that had censors searching for their scissors.

MOVIES FOR MEN

The Man Who Never Was (20th Century-Fox) is based on the book of the same name and recounts the amazing story of perhaps the best espionage story to come out of World War II. Starring Clifton Webb, this film is an engrossing tale in which a dead body is virtually the main character.

The Killer Is Loose (United Artists) is an exciting cops-and-robbers thriller starring Joseph Cotten in an unusual role for him. Despite a rather complicated plot, the movie is chockful of suspense from beginning to end, plays up a psychological twist.

BOOKS FOR MEN

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The Corsair by Madeleine Fabiola Kent (Doubleday $3.95) is a historical novel on one of the most colorful, yet most-neglected characters in America's past. Pirate Jean Lafitte's story is told with frank sympathy by Miss Kent, but with fidelity to the facts.

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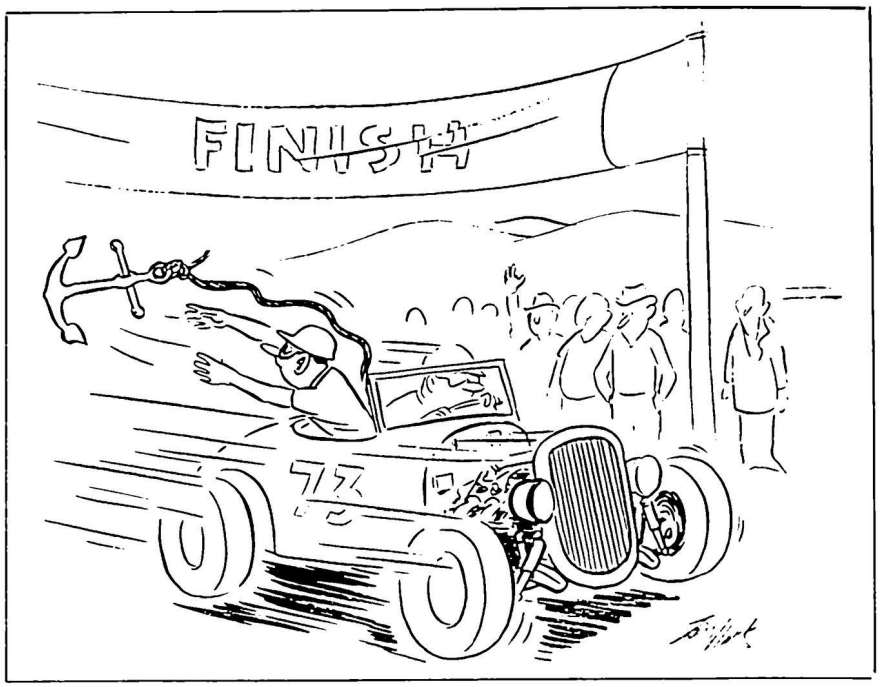


FASTEST RACING CAR IN HISTORY

(continued from page 24)

master drivers of all time. Before his first season with Auto Union his racing experience had been limited to big, fast motorcycles. Yet almost from the first he handled the dangerous P-Wagen as no driver had before. Other drivers had to *see* that the short, blunt hood was swerving slightly to know that the car was going into a slide. Because of the far-forward seating position they often had a hard time doing it. But Rosemeyer, on the other hand, seemed to *sense* the beginning of a slide. His reaction time was incredibly quick. And he was extraordinarily brave and cool when it counted.

His first three races in 1936 were nothing but compounded frustration. In the first his car crashed, and he was lucky to get out alive. In the second and third his cars burned, and again he came uncomfortably close to death. Still, in his fourth race of the season, he was sufficiently unmoved by these disasters to take his car flat-out on the treacherous, difficult Nurburgring circuit in a fog that brought visibility to near-zero —and to win.

With Rosemeyer leading the pack most of the time, Auto Union had a spectacular string of victories in 1936. The team chalked up six first places, seven seconds, five thirds, two hill-climb wins and eight fastest laps. Rosemeyer's 105.42 mph lap through the forest at Berne, Switzerland, is still an untouched record today.

1937 was another season of full-throttle *grand prix* wins, skidding, sliding hill-climb victories, and one more death—that of a driver named von Delius. It was also a year of fantastic records, a large number of which still stand on the international record books 18 years later!

Rosemeyer was the man who had the courage and skill to hold a streamlined version of the P-Wagen on the narrow, irregular, two-lane pavement at speeds higher than 251.4 mph, his two-way average for the flying five kilometers.

But his and the Auto Union's most unforgettable performances were their acceleration runs. The fastest was for the *standing-start* mile, which the man and machine thundered over at an *average* speed of 138.7 mph. The average speed for the 2,000 feet from the kilometer marker to the mile marker was just under 200 mph!

Reid Railton, the designer of John Cobb's 400-mph land speed record holder, was standing beside the Auto Union on that October day in '37. "One instant it was standing still; the next it was vanishing in the distance," he recalls. "It was an incredible sight, the like of which I don't expect to see again."

The year of 1937 also marked the first and last appearance of the Auto Union team in the U. S. With Alfa Romeo, the Mercedes and Auto Union blitzkrieg boys came over to compete in the Vanderbilt Cup Race on Long Island. All of them learned that road racing in this country was far from being the carefully calculated science it was in Europe. First they found that the course was rough and poorly prepared. Then the race was postponed because of rain—a climatic condition that never interfered with racing overseas. Finally, after a two-day delay, it was started almost an hour earlier than announced.

It was an extremely difficult race, and Rosemeyer won it at the cost of five pounds of body weight and bleeding hands. At the prize ceremony afterwards he was publicly congratulated by somebody's wife who gushed, "I think you are just grand and your motorcar is *wunderbar!*" Rosemeyer's reply is not known, and it is probably just as well.

Being a road racing driver had its drawbacks in Europe, too. By this time the Nazi-sponsored teams, which had become important factors in the psychological cold war, were accompanied by a government representative named *Korpsfuhrer* Huhnlein and his sizeable staff of aides, all of them decked

out in full Nazi regalia. They were spokesmen for official policy regarding what they still termed "motor sport" but which was actually a chilling combination of ruthless efficiency, violent nationalism, and master-race nonsense. Huhnlein was often ridiculed —privately of course—by the drivers. But his constant presence, with its threat of political punishment for giving less than one's all, cannot have contributed much to free-and-easy team spirit.

The drivers who must have been most unhappy about the warlike air of the Auto Union effort were the non-Germans. But in 1937 a really distinguished foreigner joined the team—Tazio Nuvolari, the Italian who is regarded almost unanimously by the experts as the greatest driver who ever lived. In his first season even the brilliant, fearless Tazio had trouble with the deceptive handling of the Auto Union, but within a year he had mastered it entirely. In spite of his dislike for the Nazis, he did a fine job.

From the team's point of view, the addition of Nuvolari could not have been better timed. Late in January of 1938 Bernd Rosemeyer, the driver whose subtle intuition for the P-Wagen's quirks was never matched by anyone, crashed at 260 mph during a record attempt and was killed. The gap that his death left could only have been filled by a driver of Nuvolari's stature.

The small, wiry Italian had an almost entirely new Auto Union to work with. The ruling powers of international racing, taking a good look at the previous season's speeds, had decided that the sport might be slower and safer if there were a limit set on engine size. Accordingly the new formula was for engines no bigger than 183 cubic inches, supercharged — about the size of a Nash Rambler's power unit.

The new Auto Union, then, had an engine not half as large as that of the year before. The V-16 layout was replaced by a V-12 and three overhead camshafts were used instead of one. The engine was kept in the rear, but it was more compact and permitted the driver to sit farther back. With these modifications—and a few more that the experienced Nuvolari suggested to the engineering department — the new Auto Union was a somewhat less terrifying car to drive than the old 386-cubic inch monster.

But it never had quite the guts and power of the older machine. For one reason it was designed and built a little too hastily. Another reason, perhaps, was that Dr. Porsche was no longer on the staff.

Nuvolari's very last race with Auto Union was perhaps the most significant, in a symbolic way. It took place at a seond-rate course near Belgrade, Jugoslavia, and the dapper little Italian beat a battery of Germans in Mercedes' and other Auto Unions. What made the swarthy Latin's victory over the "pure Aryans" ironic was the date of the race—September 3, 1939—the day, of course, that started the war that was the last ride for the Nazi brand of state religion.

And what happened to the rear-engined juggernauts that roared their way to immortality in pre-war races? Nobody knows. Although Mercedes race cars of the same vintage were found after the war carefully stored in Swiss warehouses, not a single Auto Union machine has been unearthed to this day.

BOSOM SECRETS OF BURLESQUE

(continued from page 38)

ground. As it revolves, slowly, she unpeels her long mesh stockings and flexes her very shapely legs. Then, still on her back, she puts on one of the most utterly sexy exhibitions of muscular gyrations to be seen in the business.

She finales this act by rising from the table and proving her ability with the more standard bumps and grinds, to the rapid beat of a bolero.

In another act she works on a simple black rug, placed center stage. In this performance she proves to the enraptured spectators that her amazing muscular control extends to her petite and well-shaped derrière. While jaws drop in surprise, she bounces about in perfect time with a portion of the "Dragnet" theme.

All of this fiery activity, in such close proximity to an already volatile audience gets René into occasional trouble. "About a month ago," she recalls, "one fellow started disrobing and was half way across the stage when they finally stopped him.

"Very often some of the boys, in good-natured fun, will reach out and try to pull the little rug or the table in their direction. Usually it's very easy to jolly them out of this sort of thing."

For exhibiting her very special talents at the El Rancho, René is probably one of the best-paid exotic dancers in the business. The management directly attributes the increasing crowds at the club to the fact that René attracts those crowds. She receives a jump in pay every time the gross receipts go up, and in recent years, this has been often.

René's favorite pastime in life is spoiling her adopted nine-year-old daughter, June Steffers. "Not really spoiling her," she says, "just making sure she has a lot of nice things. She had a watch at the age of three and a diamond ring when she was four. Maybe I'm compensating for things that I never had, but I never want to see the day when June can't have almost anything her heart desires."

As far as personal ambitions are concerned, René is clear and determined on hers. "I want to act, either on the stage or in the movies, in legitimate dramatic roles," she says. "I've turned down half a dozen offers from the studios here to play the part of a strip in some of their films."

Until she can move into the theater, René is assured of a prosperous career as a stripper. Though she casually admits her 27 years, her pixie-ish face, clear hazel eyes and her perfect 39-25-35, 115-pound figure (she's only 5' 3" tall) make her look like a youngster.

She has the permanent advantage of that Venus-like bosom, too, an attraction that keeps them coming back to the niteries.

ARE OUR TARGET PISTOLS OBSOLETE?

(continued from page 34)

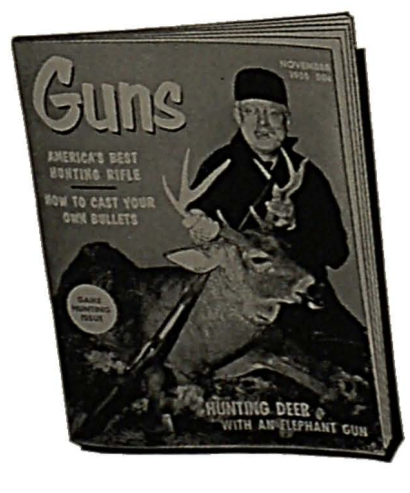
organized the High Standard Manufacturing Company in the '20s and brought out a .22 auto. More recently Bill Ruger has appeared on the scene with a new .22 self-loader. Other than these activities the truly new weapons have been well nigh nil.

Last year Smith and Wesson officially announced a new automatic pistol. This is of 9 mm power. While designed for military tests, and subsequent sale to the general public, the weapon is sort of a pocket model, smaller than we ordinarily consider for service usage.

The new S&W is an interesting hodge-podge. It combines similar features of some of the best known and most famous handguns of the world. It has a stock that shows direct ancestry with the now disappeared Remington Model 51, a lock-up that is recognizable from the Browning Model 1935, a safety that operates like the HSc Mauser, a takedown latch that is first cousin to the P-38 Walther, and the receiver shows an abiding faith in that old rival, the Colt Model 1911. Besides these excellent features, time-tried and proven over the years on the models mentioned, the new Smith has a double action feature.

Any automatic of greater than .22 persuasion should be a double action. Not a single U.S.-made self-loader is so blessed. This at once renders 'em obsolescent.

Other than lacking a double action mechanism, an absolute necessity on a self-defense



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If our neophyte is smart he never shoots the new prize but ships it to Frank Pachmayr on the west coast, or to Berdon or Giles in Florida, or to Peters in El Paso, or Jimmy Clark in Shreveport, or some other of our recognized pistol mechanics, for an accuracy rebuild.

The refitting of the parts of the .45 take the shape of redoing the fit between the barrel and the link, the link and the slide stop pin, the barrel breech and the slide, the slide itself, the barrel bushing, and many other sloppy joints. The trigger pull is adjusted to a clean 4 pounds, and a trigger stop is added. Finally the gun is test fired and the proof target accompanies the weapon back to its owner. There is no escaping this complete overhaul, regardless of whether the shooter is the greenest newcomer or the ranking champion. The .45 must be given an accuracy tune-up before it will perform.

The weapon as it passed over the counter cost in the neighborhood of $75. To this must be added the fee of the gunsmith which will range from 25 to 50 bucks. Then, of course, a proper set of adjustable, click-moving sights have to be attached. These run from 10 to 15 dollars, and if this wasn't enough the impoverished sportsman must cough up still an additional 12 pesos for custom-fitted stocks. The final total is about a walloping 150 dollars. And mind you, this is only one gun; three are needed to complete the battery. The .22 and the .38 must also be counted.

A most worthwhile development has been accomplished these last several years by Berdon of Florida, followed very closely by Peters of El Paso, both sterling gunsmiths. This is the conversion of the Colt Super .38 Auto to handle the .38 Spl wadcutter revolver load. The Super .38 to fire its original load is not a target proposition; it recoils too much and is not especially accurate. The same gun when converted to digest the light .38 wadcutter is a hell of a sweet proposition. One of the greatest advantages is the self-cocking feature; this is a decided assist in timed fire, and a decisive one in the rapid fire stanzas. Added to this the reworked Super .38 will crank out slow fire scores quite on a par with the best of the revolvers.

At the National midwinter matches fired in Tampa last February, 25 per cent of the shooters were using the conversion. The redesign is done by Giles, Berdon, Clark and Peters, to name a few of the better known technicos. If the tyro marksman has forked over something in excess of a hundred bucks for a .45, he can then turn right around and plank down a like amount for this pistol to shoot the .38 events.

Phil Schwartz, then vice-president of Colt, told me at the Tampa powder burning that before the year was run through Colt would be offering the Super .38 to handle the wadcutter fodder. Seems that since then a hitch has occurred in their plans: nobody in Hartford knows a thing about it.

On the score of the .22 automatics, the situation is not so glum. The Woodsman had a complete face-lifting right after World War II. The original developed in 1915 and slightly altered to "Match Target" in 1938, has disappeared from the firing line. It is still kicking around as a sparrow gun and appeals to the plinker clan but is of no interest as a target proposition.

A companion piece to the MT Woodsman is the High Standard Supermatic which is an improvement over the original High Standard, first made in the '20s, and a gun that sold for twenty bucks for many a year. The new Supermatic is about a 50 per cent choice of the target fraternity, the Colt claiming the remaining handgunners.

A new .22 automatic is the Ruger, made in both standard and target versions. The design is completely new and is the brightest spot in a somewhat dreary picture.

With typical American curiosity, a number of marksmen are buying the extremely expensive Hammerli-Walther .22 auto pistol. This gun has an enviable reputation resulting from extended successes in the Olympics and International bangfests. Actually the Hammerli-Walther is not new. The weapon was developed by Walther during the middle 1930's. It is no great shakes as a shooting iron despite its popularity.

The angle of stock to frame is damnably poor. The gun does not point naturally because of this objectionable angle. Jammed into firing position very suddenly, the muzzle will point at an opponent's knees—just like the old .45 Auto. The best stock-to-frame angle of any pistol is that of the High Standard and the Colt Woodsman. The Walther does not approach either.

Those who would shoot the metric slow fire game are compelled to purchase the Hammerli free pistol since a like handgun is not made in this country. This pistol is a single shot, set-trigger, speed-lock model absolutely a must if the marksman is to compete on even terms with his international brethren. The only shooting game that isn't in the doldrums in this country is match pistol shooting. Despite this we cannot seem to bestir our manufacturers to the production of the long overdue free pistol. For that very reason there is grave concern that the Soviets may take us at the 1956 Olympics.

It is a sad commentary that we possess so few modern handguns. The fault is not entirely that of the makers. It stems, more properly, from the lethargic, self-satisfied attitude of the handgunning clan. If the sportsmen aren't going to clamor for improved pistols then they can reasonably expect to see the same old crutches around for another generation.

If Billy the Kid, who was rubbed out by Pat Garrett in '81, would come loping back into Lincoln tomorrow he'd note a considerable change but one thing that would gladden his heart would be the familiar sight of most of the shooting irons he swung so lethally.

ISLAND OF MURDER

(continued from page 19)

tongue, cut off his nose, and his ear. The police knew who the murderer was. They found the name sewn in his coat pocket. But no witnesses would testify—no warrant could be sworn out. There is still one brother left and he is running the barber shop.'

"But how do these *vendettas* start? What causes them? Is it as people say, the Orgosolesi are made that way, they have to kill?"

He shook his head.

"The *vendetta* begins in revenge by a family or friends. Here we have no hired killers as in Sicily, no organization to do it for us. The revenge must be personal; one's honor is involved. That is why even the bandits, who are in reality offshoots of the *vendetta*, follow a code of honor. Many, who were shepherds, started by stealing from other flocks. If someone is so unfortunate as to see this happen, he is as good as doomed. The witness is an enemy. After all, the dead don't speak."

We stopped walking and the speaker clenched and unclenched his hands. The words came slowly as if he had thought about it a long time.

"Different regimes have dominated us, robbed us, forced us into our solitude. When the *carabinier* came it was usually only to collect taxes or call someone up for the army. If a sheep had been stolen, the man who did it was rarely caught. Meanwhile, the loser didn't get his sheep back. The *vendetta* was preferable. After a killing or two, the police might come. But the man who did it would hide in the brush. The authorities would then saddle him with any and every crime that occurred whether it was true or not."

I knew most of the rest of the history, how starting at the time of the First World War, the Italian government arrested the families of the killers. About 70 per cent of Orgosolo's population was in jail.

Then things quieted down until 1928 when Santino Succu was riddled with bullets. Badly wounded, he fled over the roofs of the houses to die on that of his worst enemy. It was said that his blood dripped down into the plate of his enemy who continued eating his bread and milk without noticing anything.

Just after the second World War the ring of blood began again to form itself. A *vendetta* was carried out after 40 years of waiting to avenge a man killed in 1904. In recent months the killings had reached an average of two a week. Police efforts have been useless. Many who come to stop it themselves become victims of the *vendetta*. Trials have been no better. One Sardinian in court was asked if he recognized a man.

"It seems to me that I may have seen him once in a dream. But our eyes are of water, Your Honor."

Trials are often rehearsed in the *macchia*, the brush, beforehand so that there are no surprises when they go to court. It is all part of the mistrust that exists between the inhabitants and the forces of law and order.

We walked down the street. The people looked out of the corners of their eyes at the patrols, the jeeps, and the half-ton trucks. But even though there is one soldier or policeman to every four inhabitants, the government forces operate almost completely without information.

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The village square was as cheerless as the rest of the place. One of my companions halted me and said, "We have covered three years in walking from the church to here. Shortly after that night in October 1949 when the names of 27 persons were written on the church wall, over 20 civilians and 15 *carabinieri* died of violence!"

When new crosses were going up in the cemetery every day and family after family had donned funereal black, a very courageous man, Dr. Leonardo Monni, nephew of the Senator from Sardinia, called on the patriarchal heads of Orgosolo's families and asked if the wave of deaths had not shocked them. Unless an end was put to the chain of *vendettas*, he pointed out, twice as many would be killed in the next 12 months. A committee was formed and lawbreakers and law-abiders alike were asked to renounce *vendetta* for the good of all. Many accepted. Among these was the Taras family. Others said they had contacted the outlaws of the mountains who had agreed.

On the third of January, 1953, a crowd of 2,000 people had gathered in the square to watch a collective oath by which the heads of families swore to extract revenge no more. Black-shawled women sobbed as, one by one, 50 of their menfolk placed right hands on a wooden cross and promised "to fight until death to insure that the law shall be enforced."

One of my companions said, "You have never seen anything like it. Families who had not spoken began to talk to each other. Women whose sons had been killed wiped their tears near the wives of the murderers. Nobody refused to take the hand of another, no one drew back. Guns were fired into the air, marriages were arranged, and the ritual 'dance of blood' was performed. Food, wine and cigarettes were given free by the shops for the day and 200 lambs and pigs were killed and barbecued for the occasion."

It took some effort, but I could begin to imagine the gaiety in the piazza so different from its present sombreness. Abruptly the illusion ended. There was a moment when the sound of Sardinian pipes still lingered in my imagination and then someone said, "Here is the man that made the peace possible. This is Dr. Monni himself."

A short, soberly-dressed man joined our group. He had the saddest face I have ever seen on a human being. Yet in his eyes still burned prayer, hope, determination. For a moment he remained immobile as if gathering his strength. The others fell respectfully silent. Then he told me of his plans for the pact, of his joy at its realization and his hope that people could forget the past, and would welcome peace. His lined face constricted as he said:

"It was the bandits who broke the pact by shooting a woman who had done nothing against a living soul. To this day no one knows why she was struck down. But," he said firmly, "it was those men from the mountains, and not anyone from the village."

That was three weeks after the signing of the pact. Then a *carabiniere* was assassinated and the whole bloody story had started again. But this time it began to spread, to move out of the *vendetta*, to include bandits with no scruples, men who killed for as little as a 1,000 lire—less than two dollars.

A week before I had come to Orgosolo there had been three of these killings in as many days. One was the tax collector, another a shepherd who was found dying with an exploding bullet in his throat, and the third, a 40-year-old woman who had her head bashed in and lay screaming on the bed while the bandits searched her house for money!

As we drank the white wine that is raised on the hills of Orgosolo I was told about Zaccaria Puddighinu, a perfect example of how close love is to hate for the Orgosolesi. He had escaped from the jail and was on his way to the brush with a gun on his shoulder when he saw a beautiful girl in a nearby village. He instantly said, "Take me to your mother. I want to ask her permission to marry you." When the mother hesitated, Puddighinu raised his gun.

"Say yes or I'll kill you both, on the word of an Orgosolese!"

Having won consent, he decided to give himself up. Released after a few months in jail, he found his betrothed waiting for him and in a few days they were married. He is still living, a law-respecting citizen.

When I finally left Orgosolo it was almost dark. The road was quiet except for the bells of the sheep. We drove for a considerable distance without lights so as not to signal our presence. I still had the letter. Not till later did I discover that its safe conduct guarantee was a myth since what one band of outlaws guaranteed, another did its best to foil.

We passed near the spot where road builder Capra had been found with seven bullet holes in his head after being held for ransom. As a result of the crime all road-building in the entire island of Sardinia had been halted and it looked for a while as if no new construction of any kind would go on. It was only recently that work was resumed.

Then, at one spot, as the road turned at a slight rise, a jeep with four armed men came toward us. Closer, we saw they had uniforms and breathed more easily. We were halted, and gladly showed our identification.

It cannot have been more than two hundred yards farther on that we slowed down for bumps in the road. A head and shoulders suddenly appeared at the side. The road at this point was built up to the height of a man. We looked back—the head had gone! But it had been there long enough for us to see the corduroy coat, the peaked cap and what looked like a pair of binoculars around the neck.

In half an hour we reached the town of Oliena. Here were no glum looks, no downcast stares, no oppressed feeling. When you looked at people they looked back at you and wonder of wonders, there were smiles on their faces!

They spoke without hesitation. Even though night had fallen it was like coming out of prison into bright, warm sunlight; it was like having been in a tomb with the dead, even though in Orgosolo it was the living who were doomed. But here in Oliena there was life. And it was good to be feeling alive again.

I looked back in the direction from which we had come. It was dark, completely dark. Over those hills lay terror, fear, hatred. I wondered when peace would come again to Orgosolo, when the souls in that cemetery would rest easy without crying their horrible cry: "Avenge me! Avenge me! Kill . . . kill . . . kill!"

THE SHAPE OF SHIPS TO COME

(continued from page 9)

five times. In 1954, her 19th year, the Stormy Weather finished second in Class B in the annual Bermuda Race.

In the realm of sailboats, Dr. Davidson and his staff won world-wide acclaim for their work in testing and proving the hull design of Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt's America's cup defender Ranger, which defeated the British yacht Endeavour II in four straight races in the late 1930's. The tankmen used 12 different models to prove the Ranger's hull. The margin of victory in these races was so great that the British made a thorough re-examination of the Endeavour II. Their conclusion was that they had been beaten by science.

More recently, Stevens tank-tested the six-meter sailboat the Goose, a strong contender for national and international honors. The efficiency of her hull has yet to be improved on under certain wind and water conditions.

But Stevens does not only test the shapes of ships to come, does not limit its work to looking into the future. One of the strangest uses of a Stevens tank was a "post-mortem" study of a model of a freighter that had been sunk by an enemy torpedo while it was under contract to the military during World War II. When the federal government and the American-Hawaiian Lines went to court over the shipper's claim for loss of the ship, an important issue was the freighter's relative speed. The government claimed it was old and slow and of less value than the figure set by the owner.

To help settle that issue, both sides turned to the Stevens tank laboratory. Using the original blueprints, the Stevens experts built a scale model of the freighter and towed it in one of the tanks at Hoboken. Their findings were accepted by both sides and a satisfactory settlement of the claim was reached.

In another departure from its routine of testing tomorrow's surface and sub-surface craft, Stevens was asked by Goodyear to swish a model of its ZP4K blimp through the water and report on control surface performances. To the layman, it is difficult to understand how water tests can contribute to design of a lighter-than-air craft whose element is the atmosphere. To the men of the Stevens tanks, water and air are merely two fluids with different densities. Testing in either element is a problem in fluid dynamics.

German scientists working on submarines were checked only momentarily in their test work when Allied bombs destroyed their towing tank at Hamburg. They merely shifted their base of operations to a wind tunnel.

The Number 2 tank at Stevens, which is 75 feet square and 4½ feet deep and has a rotating arm device, was selected for tests on the Goodyear blimp. A model was built, completely submerged in the tank and towed on a circular course. Various control arrangements were attached to the model during these tests before the proper tail configuration was determined.

The testing procedure is about as follows: First, an accurate, hollow scale model four to five feet long is built, usually of western pine. After it is carefully fashioned and molded, it is checked against templates scaled from the marine architect's drawings. Then the model is attached to an overhead trolley or carriage rigged to an overhead track that runs the length of the tank.

At one end of the tank is a wave-making machine made of strips of foam-plastic material. The strips are moved up and down in rhythmic order, creating different wave patterns. The patterns correspond to scale to actual wave patterns of the sea.

The overhead carriage is fitted with dynamometers (force-measuring instruments) to measure lateral forces, leeway and resistance to motion. When testing for "on wind" abilities, the models are towed in heeled positions that correspond to those a full-sized craft would encounter at sea. Readings also are taken with the model in upright position for running and reaching conditions.

When all readings and other factors are known and checked, the performance of the model is plotted on charts. These predict accurately the performance in relation to the performance of other boats in the same family. The boats used for comparative purposes are identified only by hull number, and never by name, because of the competitive angle. A three-view camera takes photographs of the models and their spray as engineers test for heave, resistance, trim, galloping, porpoising and other actions.

The value of pre-testing hulls for drag (drag is an indication of the force that must be applied to the stern of a ship to attain desired speed) and other characteristics before even one part of the boat is fabricated has been demonstrated scores of times since the Stevens tanks began operations. The following story shows what can happen when a craft is designed and built without such pre-testing.

A company in South America built several launches scheduled for river duty, but when they were delivered faces of builder and government officials turned a bright red. The shiny new launches were trim and sleek, but they did not have enough power to make sufficient headway against the stream's currents. Stevens received an urgent call for help from the builder and tank tests revealed how the launches could be corrected to meet their specified performance.

During World War II, when the tanks were devoted almost entirely to research for the military services, Stevens water laboratory was given the task of deciding what to do about porpoising seaplanes and PT boats. In some instances, a PT boat in a fast turn tended to plow beneath the surface. A re-design to make bows more concave was recommended. Stevens tankmen also suggested changes to prevent the meanderings of the yacht Williamsburg as it cruised up and down the Potomac with President Truman aboard.

On the basis of its extensive pioneering work on propeller-driven float planes and flying boats down through the years, the Stevens tank laboratory was the logical place to turn to when the Navy began to develop jet-powered seaplanes. The tank towing tests to correct spray on propellers, hydrodynamic resistance, longitudinal stability, excessive landing impact, and aerodynamic disadvantages of war and pre-war seaplanes contributed much to a big change (in 1944) in the basic design concept of these craft. They became more like airplanes and less like boats.

Today, of course, the seaplane is a sleek, high performance aircraft in the 600-mile-per-hour speed class and it has a big future in the national defense picture. Marked advances in hydrodynamic and aerodynamic designs, coupled with the addition of powerful jet engines, have given the seaplane speed and range comparable to those of large bombers.

However, the higher take-off and landing speeds of such aircraft as the Martin Seamaster and the Convair hydro-ski, delta-wing Sea Dart fighter bring with them higher impact loads. The Stevens tank research program with these and other water-based aircraft is occupied with impact solutions and with the ability of the seaplane to operate and be seaworthy in extreme rough water conditions.

Another fascinating phase of Stevens tank activities, but one which is still top secret, concerns the new family of Naval missiles and weapons carriers. In the realm of Navy weapons, Stevens tankmen are helping to develop more reliable high- and low-speed torpedoes and missiles which are launched from submarines against surface vessels and aircraft.

Relatively new at Stevens is a study for the military of the mobility of off-road vehicles of all kinds. This assignment stemmed from the Army's desire to improve the performance of its wheeled and tracked vehicles on all kinds of terrain and to do so by substituting the scientific approach for the old build-'em-first-test-'em-later system.

To carry out this project, Stevens has constructed its fourth "tank," which is known over at Hoboken as the "mud bin" or "sand bin." It is just that—an area where mud or sand or the thousand and one soil compositions in between can be created and studies can be made on how well models of all sorts of vehicles plow through them. Since this approach to vehicle development is entirely new, the men of the Stevens tanks are inventing the art as they go along.

However, the main problem confronting the Stevens tankmen today is the same one they faced 20 years ago—how to increase the average speed of ships which must ply the crazy, mixed-up surface of the sea. A lot more is known now about sea surfaces and ship motions, but not enough.

The ship, a combination warehouse, hotel and power station, is able to move forward because it yields to the sea by pitching and rolling, which the engineer calls secondary motions. A ship's speed is reduced in heavy weather because of the effect of added resistance caused by the action of wind and waves and because of the need to reduce violence of pitching and rolling. And present at all times is resistance created by the hull as it moves forward and distorts waves it encounters.

For every ship there are limiting sea con-

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ditions and, therefore, a point where its power must be reduced to ease its motions. Even the new superliner S.S. United States must decrease power in heavy weather. And the most comfortable condition for the two "Queens" in really rough going is to turn and run with the sea for passenger comfort. Other ships find it best to heave to in bad weather, maintaining speed near zero and heading into the sea.

If ocean wave lengths and frequencies were regular at all times, the problem of ship speeds would be greatly simplified. But irregular seas do exist. Oceanographers believe that the disturbance caused by one storm can easily cross the entire Atlantic Ocean, and that new storms are always acting on water already affected by previous storms. As the Stevens staff has learned, when you put a ship with its own motions on a sea composed of waves having a wide range of frequencies and heights and try to predict how that ship will behave you've got a man-sized problem.

Research so far has not revealed specific means of reducing pitching and heaving of ships, permitting higher speeds in rough weather, but it suggests several lines of attack. One is to change a ship's pitching period by using more V-shaped sections in hull forms. Another is to use controlled retractible fins at one or both ends of a ship. Both of these approaches are being explored at the Stevens towing tank laboratory.

These and perhaps other aids are expected to improve sea speeds of surface ships in the not distant future, but Dr. Davidson is doubtful that the increase will be more than 20 per cent in the next decade or two. Whether such a small speed increase would be acceptable, particularly in view of the military need for higher speeds for offensive and defensive action, appears doubtful.

It is possible to double present speeds of ships like the S.S. United States, which can do 35 knots maximum. But to do so under the rigid laws of hydrodynamics, their size would have to be quadrupled and their weight multiplied by 64. The S.S. United States is 990 feet long and its gross is 51,500 tons. A S.S. United States four times larger than at present would probably be economically impractical. Anyway, it could not get into New York harbor and get back out.

Maybe the future of higher speeds at sea lies in the prediction of Dr. Davidson about the large cargo-carrying submarine. What with the mess on the surface of the sea, it could be that the ultimate answer lies down in the depths on routes pioneered by Captain Nemo many years ago in his "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

THE BORDELLO SCHOOL OF LITERATURE

(continued from page 15)

was being chucked around for sex, so there was only one thing to do: provide an elegant place where consummation and collection could be put on a business-like basis.

She couldn't have become a brothel-keeper at a more wonderful and propitious time. It was during the Roaring 20's when the Honorable Jimmy Walker was Mayor of New York City, a period of incredible graft and corruption in the Big City. Verily, it was F. Scott Fitzgerald's fabulous Babylon. Polly was an instant success; she had the most stunning prostitutes—and the best paying customers—*of all categories!*

In the years that followed, with periods of good and bad luck, the little girl from Yanow near the Polish border made a household phrase for freespending New Yorkers and visiting playboys of "going to Polly's" to indulge in the most popular indoor sport. The parade of celebrities—theatrical, literary and of the underworld—who passed through her establishments would have filled a *Who's Who* and a rouge's gallery. There was the late Robert Benchley and Mark Hellinger, the gangsters George MacManus, Legs Diamond's brother Eddie, Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, Al Capone, Frank Costello, and their clever mouthpiece Dixie Davis.

Helen Morgan appeared in Mark Hellinger's sketch at Ziegfeld Follies as a Russian ballerina named "Mademoiselle Polly Adlervitch." The tough killer-gangster Dutch Schultz used her brothel as a hideaway, and repaid Polly for this favor by viciously kicking in the stomach one of her most beautiful harlots.

Polly's penchant for crying over "Charmaine" was associated with her romance with an orchestra leader by the name of "Casey Booth," who is clearly identifiable as the late Eddie Duchin.

The depression of 1931 and too many vice raids and clean-up campaigns in New York City finally put Polly out of business. Although pleading poverty and persecution throughout her book, she certainly must have stashed away a considerable amount of money during her brothel-keeping heydays. If she wasn't able to salvage much loot from giving sanctuary to strumpets and keeping open-house for lonely, restless males, then she must be reaping literary lucre from the royalties of "A House Is Not A Home," which can also be bought in the Hebrew edition in Jerusalem.

I recently met a colleague from Hollywood in Paris, who told me: "Polly Adler has become a martyr among madames by sticking her neck out and writing frankly about bagnio operators. Some of her customers, as you know, are only thinly disguised. And some of the hoods who frequented her joints might have got blasted if it had been known that they were playing with Polly's girls instead of laying some hoodlum on a marble slab.

"But she seems to have received a lot of raves from the critics on her book, and there's talk that it will be filmed. Which might have encouraged Brenda Allen, one of the best-known madames on the West Coast, to start banging away on the typewriter and contacting publishers. Aware of the success of Polly's book, they have the welcome-carpet out for any madame of a disorderly house who is willing to 'tell all,' with no sex-holds barred."

Brenda will certainly have *something* to say! I remember the notoriety that Brenda—heiress to the throne of harlotry in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, California—caused when she involved police and city government officials of Los Angeles in huge bribes

and payoffs. The resultant scandal practically wrecked the civic administration.

I have to smile as I try to picture Brenda, wearing scholarly horn-rimmed glasses, proofreading her autobiography!

Brenda was an attractive, slender, leggy brunette from Georgia, in her early thirties when I first met her, and she had the hottest harem in California. The evening I visited her—purely in line of duty as a newspaper reporter, mind you, to get her side of the bribery scandal which was about to explode—the name-stars of the movie industry, who stumbled mumbling through the living-room of her plush sin mansion above Sunset Boulevard, would have cast a ten million dollar motion picture. Every time one came or left, I, not considered a "trick," had to adjourn to the kitchen with Brenda (I suppose the actors were very touchy about being asked for autographs). Business was brisk this particular evening, so evidently a lot of movie stars were "between pictures."

Brenda's girls were gorgeous and certainly could have made a hermit come snorting and whinnying out of his cave.

One of them, Sonia by name, naively told me that she was "in the business" to buy her boy friend a chicken ranch in Petaluma, California. "There's more security in that kind of a racket," she added earnestly.

But the reason that a Chicago courtesan gave me as her reason for entering the business is a classic—to buy a seeing-eye dog for her blind grandmother!

While conversing with Brenda, I reminded her that Louella Parsons, the Hollywood movie columnist, had ended one of her gossip columns with the cryptic remark: "If you could have seen the Christmas cards that Brenda Allen sent out to her 'clients,' you would have died laughing."

Stormed Brenda. "She's just jealous because I have more friends than she does!"

I asked to see the Christmas card in question.

She rummaged in a drawer, found one and handed it to me with the petulant remark: "And these really cost me a lot of dough, too!"

It was a very expensive card, with a finely executed etching on the front. I read aloud the inside salutation: "Merry Christmas and may the New Year bring you the best peace on earth—Brenda Allen."

"Only someone with a very lewd or depraved mind would make something out of that!" snapped Brenda.

I handed back the card without comment.

In later years I became acquainted with another literary character of the bordello species. Long ago I visited the half-Samoan proprietor, Reid of the hotel in Pago-Pago where "Sadie Thompson" had actually stayed. Over a foaming warm beer on the veranda where she had raised hell with the Marines, he told me: "Sadie Thompson was a *real* woman, who did get into a little trouble here with a missionary and the authorities, but not to the extent that Maugham exaggerated it. Lord, no! She was a good-hearted, friendly girl, even if she was a hooker. She was nice to the missus and the kids, and she settled up her bill and left presents for everybody when she moved on. When we said *'Tofa!'* (goodbye) to her on the dock we were all bawling like babies we hated so much to see her go."

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Don't Surrender to Old Age Until You've Made This Test

What Is Climacteric? . . .
Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. The first change when boys become men and girls become women, is usually between the ages of 12-17—another change again occurs usually between 40 and 50.

Who Does It Affect? . . .
Both men & women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life," in men, doctors call it "male climacteric."

What Are The Common Symptoms? . . .
Because the body and blood are undergoing important changes during climacteric, the entire system may become upset and symptoms are varied. Men are usually extremely nervous, tire easily, become irritable, feel weak in arms, legs and back and often are very "crabby." Often there are "hot flashes" accompanied by that "what's the use" feeling. And very often a special supplementary source of certain vitamins and minerals is needed such as you find in this important discovery called AFTER 40 CAPSULES.

What Can Be Done? . . .
Medical science has discovered many medicines that can tide you over the difficult "change of life" period. Today, try the new capsule called "AFTER 40" that supplies the body with an unusual combination of vitamins and minerals so often needed during this period. Full month's supply only $5.00 . . . be absolutely delighted with results or cheerful, unquestioned refund.

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Send no money . . . be convinced or you try AFTER 40 Capsules at our expense. Just send your name and address to address below. On arrival of full month's supply (31 capsules, one per day) pay postman only $5.00 plus regular C.O.D. postage and charges. Use as directed. If for any reason you are dissatisfied return remaining capsules or empty bottles within one month for cheerful, unquestioned $5.00 refund. (Save C.O.D. charges, send cash, check or money order for $5.00 . . . AFTER 40 sent prepaid. Same guarantee.) Order *now!*

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NEW! Secret Producers Selection!

First time offered — the *startling* and *dynamic* party films formerly seen only by Hollywood's *inner-circle* of sophisticated producers! Privately staged—feature beautiful showgirls and starlets demonstrating their *special talents* when "on the way up." A most unusual find for the collector of the bizarre!

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Now there is a new modern Non-Surgical treatment that permanently corrects rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given. Write today for our New FREE Book that gives facts that may save you painful, expensive surgery. Tells how non-surgically you may again work, live, play, love and enjoy life in the manner you desire. There is no obligation.

Excelsior Hernia Clinic Dept. 1928 Excelsior Springs, Mo

He sighed heavily and wiped the suds from his lips with the back of his hand. "I can't tell you her real name, because there is a chance that Sadie might still be living. But I really would like to know what finally happened to her."

Today the hotel where "Sadie" stayed has been named the Sadie Thompson Hotel and is quite a tourist attraction in Pago-Pago. The inheritors of the hotel from the original owner have cashed in on the publicity of the popular Maugham story, play and film.

Just a short time ago I ran across a nephew of the old owner of the hotel in Apia, Upolu, of Western Samoa, and when I pricked his memory concerning "Sadie," be blurted out:

"She was an okay number-one *Wahine* (woman)! Even if I was just a kid when she was staying at the hotel, I remember how she used to buy candy for us, and pat us on the head, and play games with us. And with all the men hanging around her, don't think she didn't have something better to do than to play mumbly-peg with us kids; She was a helluva lot better than most of the dried-up old hags that usually stayed at my uncle's hotel! She kept things humming in Pago-Pago while she was there!"

I was curious about the real Sadie's physical attributes.

"A little fat, or pleasantly plump should I say," Reid's nephew said. "She always wore a skin-tight flowered dress and carried a parasol when she went out walking with her boy friends. She had reddish hair and there were some freckles across her nose. Day and night men were hanging around her."

He grinned broadly. "When she took a shower in the outside bath house, we kids used to peek at her through the cracks. I didn't know then, but now I would say she had more sex appeal than was good for her. *She was quite a woman!*"

Which was also my private opinion about Maugham's Sadie!

James Jones' "From Here To Eternity" pulled no punches in telling about soldiers and strumpets in Honolulu before the Pearl Harbor Attack. That the officer-allergic author gave his ill-fated hero a prostitute for a sweetheart was a clear indication that the literary green light was glowing brightly for writers to come out boldly and say that attractive and normal girls with hearts as big as pumpkins could most certainly be found in brothels as well as the bargain basement of Gimbels. In the film version, however, the prostitute became an "entertainer."

Right at this moment there is a movement in America to get back to a more hopeful and puritanical theme in literature, embodying "a return to the security," championing chastity and spiritual values. Herman Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar" (eulogizing chastity before marriage) which Warner Brothers bought for the movies for one million dollars, Lionel Shapiro's "The Sixth of June," and Russell Davenport's "The Dignity of Man" are only the first shock-troops of literature in the advance assault wave. More will follow in a determined effort to batter down the bastions of the bordello school of literature.

But the process of altering the public's reading tastes is a tricky and complicated business. The unpredictable public evidently wants to read about the seamier side of life.

And, prostitutes and brothel-keepers seemingly are here to stay.

CLASSIFIED

Classified ads 20c per word insertion including name and address. Payable in advance. Minimum ad 10 words. Closing date for the July, 1956 issue (on sale May 26th) is April 1st. Print your ad carefully and mail it to: MODERN MAN Magazine, 8150 North Central Park Blvd., Skokie, Illinois.

AUTOMOTIVE

EIGHT 4x5 PHOTOS. Sue with her Chevrolet Corvette. $1.00. Stanton, Liberty, New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$150 WEEK—EASY! Start home Venetian Blind Laundry. Revealing book free. C.P. Co., 101 S. 44th. Philadelphia 4, Penna.

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DETECTIVES—WORK Home-Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wageman, 125 West 86th, N.Y.

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JOBS—HIGH Pay. South America, the Islands, USA, foreign countries. All trades. Clerical, labor, engineers, drivers, others. Women also. Fare paid. Application forms. For information write Section 95 M, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N. J.

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JOBS ON ships. Experience unnecessary. Write for information. Transoceanic, Box 494-K, Baltimore 3, Maryland.

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EX-RAY MIND! Hypnotize, one glance. Amazing, fascinating Science. Guaranteed $3.00. Wumsteeke, Ottery, Cape, South Africa.

INSTRUCTION

"HOW TO Photograph Your Girl," illustrated with actual 4x5 photos. $1.00. Stanton, Liberty, New York.

JEWELRY

SELL TITANIA gems; far more brilliant than diamonds. Catalog free. Diamonite, 2420-E 77th, Oakland 5, Calif.

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MISCELLANEOUS

MAILING ORDER Comp's in the USA earn lots of money by selling our Laplanders' Handicraft Novelties, Bracelets, Brooches etc. Made of Horn, handcarved and polished like ivory. Free net list for Importers. A. Dederding, Agency House, P. O. Box 2011, Gothenburg 2, Sweden.

WOLF-HUNTING Knife, made by the Native Laplanders high above the Arctic Circle is the Novelty you've been looking for. It's the brand newest item in the USA. Free list by airmail from A. Dederding, Box 2011, Gothenburg 2, Sweden.

BIG FUN Kit! Tricks, jokes, novelties, booklets. Real adult stuff. Howls galore. $1.00. Johnson, 414 McRae, Wilmington, N. C.

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ELECTRIC PENCIL: Engraves all Metals. $1.50. Beyer Mfg., 10511-D Springfield, Chicago 43.

WORRY? LEARN how you can stop worrying without any conscious effort. Write for free information. J. Holmes, H.R.C., Meshoppen, Pa.

70 BIBLE LESSONS. 25c. Bulletin. Box 87-MM, Cathedral Station, New York 25.

EXCITING! 9x12 ART Studies—You'll like! 15—$3.00. Samples $1.00. Berea Photo, 232 MK, Berea, Ohio.

HAVE NUDIST Friends! Receive nudist magazines, photos, etc. Confidentially mailed in plain wrappers—$2.00 Postpaid. Berea Photo, 232MK, Berea, Ohio.

GORGEOUS COLOR slides and black and whites strikingly posed by N.Y.'s top photographer's models. Three dollars will buy one of the following: In color 2 stereos: 3—2¼x2¼'s; or 4 35mm slides. Black and white jumbos 12; 8x10's 4. All photos and slides original—no copies. Bonnie, Box 1599 Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.

WESTERN COWGIRLS in six daring art photos, $2.00. "Bareback, Horsing Around," etc. Bronco Art Sales, Box 139, Austin, Texas.

ORIGINAL STEREO slides of some of the most beautiful figure models in the country are now available at the amazing price of $1.00 each, $10.00 per dozen. Dealers, write. Highlights, Inc., 312S N. Kenmore, Chicago 13, Illinois.

GORGEOUS COLOR slides posed by myself and N.Y.'s top photographer's models. Stereo, 2—$3.00; 2¼x2¼, 3—$3.00; 35 millimeter, 4—$3.00. Also black & whites 5"x10", 4—$3.00; Contact size, 8—$3.00. All the above slides and pix Originals, No Copies, No Duplicates. Jodi Joffe'. Box 58, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, New York.

BIG INTERESTING mails, three months 25c, year $1.00. Harvey Teeple, (MMZ) Decatur, Ind.

EIGHT PHOTOS. Best Amateur Models. $1.00. Imperial, Box 117-M, State House Station, Lincoln 9, Nebraska.

BEAUTIFUL CHARCOAL portrait done from your photo, $10, unusual gift, John Walencik, 17 North State St., Chicago 2, Ill.

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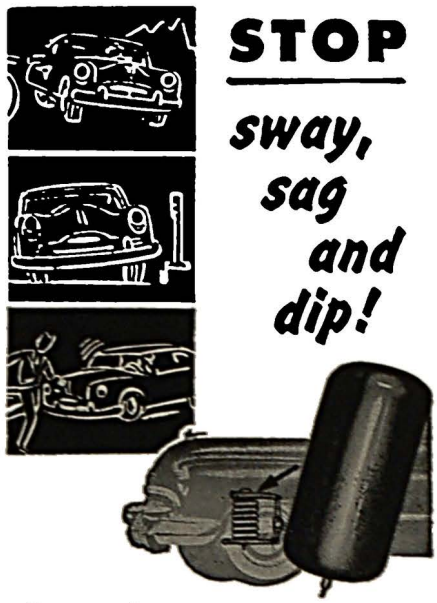

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No more dangerous swaying on curves or deep dipping on hard stops. No more unsightly sagging due to weakened springs. Amazing, low cost AIR LIFT units make old springs ride like new — smooth bumps, cushion spring action against curves and stops, ease steering, save tires and avoid repairs. Super-simple to install and factory guaranteed. At car dealers and repair shops or write direct. Be sure to *specify make and model of your car.* Write Department 7a

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FREE — *Send for HOW TO STOP FRONT END TROUBLES booklet Dept. 145*

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MANY OTHER TERRIFIC ITEMS

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NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

We'd Like To Please You, ---Sir!

We really mean it——————!!

There's a lot of characters in this town who pay a gal a few "pennies" for posing, then sell the photos for plenty. Well, some of us girls (we're all Art Models) decided to sell our own photographs . . . and have our own little business. Just describe the kind of gal you'd like (hair color and figure), the type of poses you really want (we aren't bashful), and we'll do our best! For a large selection of 4 x 5 glossy photos, all different poses (as you like them)—we ask just $1.00 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s please.) Your money back if you're not really pleased. Write now —this will be fun!

Wanda, for the models of

GALS, UNLIMITED Suite 212-M-5

6087 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS OF MODERN MAN

MAN to MAN

THEY TELL this yarn about Henry Ford, after he had made many millions. He was out driving in a Lincoln one day when he noticed a man standing next to a Model T, which evidently would not go. Ford ordered his chauffeur to stop, went over to the man and asked him what seemed to be wrong.

"I can't seem to turn the engine over," the customer complained.

Ford lifted the hood, leaned down into the engine and whispered to it. Immediately the motor began to run.

"Oh, Mr. Ford," pleaded the customer, "tell me what you told the engine so I won't have this trouble again."

"Simple," said Henry. "I just whispered, 'Lizzie, this is Henry. Turn over.' "

* * *

THE CURRENT DIETING VOGUE recalls the time that famed author Fanny Hurst decided to cut down on her weight and virtually stopped eating for days. One day after getting a new slim figure, she went for a stroll up Fifth Avenue. A good friend of hers was the late Irvin Cobb, who followed her for several blocks without recognizing her. Finally she became angry that he did not even greet her. "Well, aren't you even going to say hello," she finally burst out.

"My God," Cobb exclaimed, "it's Fanny Hurst. I didn't recognize you."

"The same Fanny Hurst," she laughed.

"Not quite," responded Cobb. "It may be the same Hurst but it certainly isn't the same Fanny."

* * *

THE BIOLOGY TEACHER finished his lecture and started asking the class questions about the human body. Turning to one of the coeds, he said: "One part of the human body is harder than steel. Can you tell me what that is, Miss Jason?"

The girl immediately flushed, stuttered and stammered and then managed to say: "I don't know why you should ask me to answer such a question."

Passing by Miss Jason, the professor asked several others the same question and got no satisfactory reply. Finally he said: "It's obvious that no one has done their homework. The correct answer is the tissue from which the nails of the human body grow. As for you, Miss Jason, please stop dreaming."

CHECKING OUT of an Atlantic City Hotel after their honeymoon night a couple went to the desk to pay their bill. "How much do we owe you," asked the bridegroom.

"Three dollars apiece."

The clerk was amazed when the groom gave him $21.

* * *

NOTED COLUMNIST Heywood Broun once penned this limerick:

There was a young man with a hernia
Who said to his surgeon, "Go-dernya,
When carving my middle
Be sure you don't fiddle
With matters that do not concernya."

* * *

THE VOICE on the phone cooed to the doctor: "Would you look around your office and see if I left my panties there this morning."

The doctor looked and assured the young thing that she had not left them in his office after her examination. "Oh, dear!" she said. "Then I must have left them at the dentist's."

"Keep it up a little longer, Baby. It says to shake real well before taking."

ATTENTION ALL FISHERMEN!

Amazing Mysteriously Scented 100 Year Old Gypsy Fish Bait Oil Formula

MAKES FISH BITE EVERY DAY-

OR NO COST!

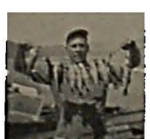
EXPERIMENTAL FISHING. In an effort to prove to the folks around Destin, Fla., that the product known as "Gypsy Fish Bait Oil" actually works, this field trip out of Destin on the Teknicolor was arranged, with Skipper Tim Boone. All in all, 1,295 pounds of fish was landed including red snapper, grouper, amberjack and the big 264-lb. warsaw. The anglers are from left to right: Pete Thorne, Joe Love Jr., Charlie Upchurch, Buster Niquet, Stew Keith, Joe Love Sr., and Roy Martin, all of Panama City. Gypsy Oil was used on every piece of bait and the results were astounding.

(Reprinted from the Sept. 1953 Issue of The Gulf Stream Sportsman).

Look at these beauties caught by Roy H. Martin with the aid of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil! They're possible world records. Mail coupon.

Mr. McMahon and party with 150 bass and catfish from Lake Kentucky, Tenn. "Gypsy's Amazing" they say.

Roy Ambrose, John Layer and John Layer, Jr. show off the fish they caught in northern lakes using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. Mail the coupon.



Caught June 19, 1955 by Ray Crachel of C & M Grocery Store, 2347 S. Nicholas, Fresno, California. Used live minnows dabbed with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil.

Letters Praising Gypsy Pour in From Everywhere

MADE TEST WHERE HE SAW FISH

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil works wonderful. Put it on any bait, then put the line down where you can see fish and you can see how they fight for it."
Mr. E. Bener, 5823 N. Albina Ave., Portland, Oregon

73 FISH IN TWO OUTINGS

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil is the best ever for really catching fish! The first time I used it on my bait I caught 30 fish and the next time I fished I caught 43 fish. And they were the largest I've ever caught."
Louise Moore, Route 6, Box 280, Dublin, Ga.

50 POUNDS FISH FIRST DAY

"I am writing to let you know how wonderful Gypsy Fish Bait Oil really is. On the first day I used Gypsy I caught 50 pounds of different kinds of fish including one catfish that weighed 10 pounds. I used a pole and bobber. All my friends keep asking me what I'm using."
Estellar Scott, Grady, Ark.

FRIENDS, HERE'S JESSE'S SECRET

"Boy, oh boy! I catch more fish using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil than all my friends put together. They keep asking how can I do so well but I just laugh at them and say you got to know how it's done."
Jesse Messer, Bruceville, Ind.

FISHERMAN'S PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 838-E, 2832 Niazuma Avenue, Birmingham 5, Alabama

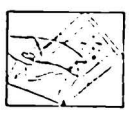
It makes no difference what bait you use . . . plug, minnow, worm, fly or even a piece of cloth . . . it doesn't matter whether you fish rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds or the ocean . . . no matter what kind of fish you are after . . . and whether you still fish with pole and bobber, cast, troll or spin . . . all you have to do is dab a little GYPSY FISH BAIT OIL on the bait and you'll catch more fish, larger fish everytime. It works any day, any time of day or night. In season, the fish don't live that won't strike bait scented with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil.

FISH GO CRAZY!

Fishing experts are just learning what wandering Romany Gypsies found out 100 years ago . . . hungry or not any fish strikes any bait scented with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. It excites them through the thousands of smell organs that cover their bodies. Like a shark goes wild at the smell of blood, so all game and pan fish go crazy at the first whiff of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. They all streak madly to fight for your bait and usually the biggest fish wins! You'll keep hauling 'em in when everyone says fish aren't biting!

EVER CATCH FISH LIKE THIS?

"I have been using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil 2 years now and have never found anything to compare with it. A group of fishermen were sitting along a stone crib in the Portage River. They were using night crawlers for bait and weren't catching anything. I cast my line in on the other side of the crib and before the sinker hit the bottom I had a 6 pound silver catfish. And I repeated this 4 times before any of the others caught a fish. I showed them my worms and to this day they couldn't figure how I can catch big fish right where they only got nibbles and a few small bullheads. They don't know I used Gypsy on my bait and they didn't. Last night another party and I caught 24 catfish on rods and reels in 5 hours using Gypsy. Rush this order as I am about out. The big catfish run is starting and I am nearly out of bait and I would not know what to do without it." Ray Hathaway, 226 E. 6th St., Port Clinton, Ohio.



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With every bottle of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil you'll get free a large waterproof plastic pouch. Ideal for lunches, tobacco, matches, anything you want to keep dry and fresh. Yours to keep even if you return Oil for money back. Mail order today!

SEND NO MONEY-You fish "On-Approval"

Be as skeptical as you like . . . go ahead and say we're crazy. But mail coupon or write for your double size trial of the Gypsy Fish Bait Oil that's making experts out of amateurs all over America. On arrival put up as deposit $1.98 for one or $4.98 for 3 bottles plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Use the next time you go fishing and if you aren't delighted return what's left for money back. Send cash and we pay postage. Gypsy makes everyday a good fishing day! Don't wait. Mail coupon.

HATS OFF TO THE LADIES

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil does everything you say. Have been fishing Chain-of-Lakes in Illinois. Have pretty good luck with large mouth bass, pickerel and northern pike. Also use Gypsy still fishing to get croppies, blue gills. I caught a 19-inch channel catfish and 1½ pounds bull heads."
Mrs. D. Loring, P.O. Box 352, Elmhurst, Ill.

MORE LADIES USE GYPSY THAN ANY OTHER SCENTED BAIT "I am enclosing check for 3 more bottles Gypsy. I have tried it and it is very good."
Mrs. Ruth H. McCarty, Dubay Colony, R.D. #1, Dancy, Wisc.

CAN'T GO FISHING WITHOUT IT

"Hurry up that order of Gypsy, I'm out of it. Your fish bait oil is the only real fish getter. I've tried other brands and they were worthless."
Oakie Frazier, Box 1833, Logan, W. Va.

EXPERT PRAISES GYPSY

"I have used Gypsy dope bait for 3 years and have made wonderful catches. Both in fresh water and on deep sea trips. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and your company to all my friends."
Henry D. Martin, 35 Roseway St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FISHERMAN'S PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. 838-E
2832 Niazuma Ave., Birmingham 5, Alabama.

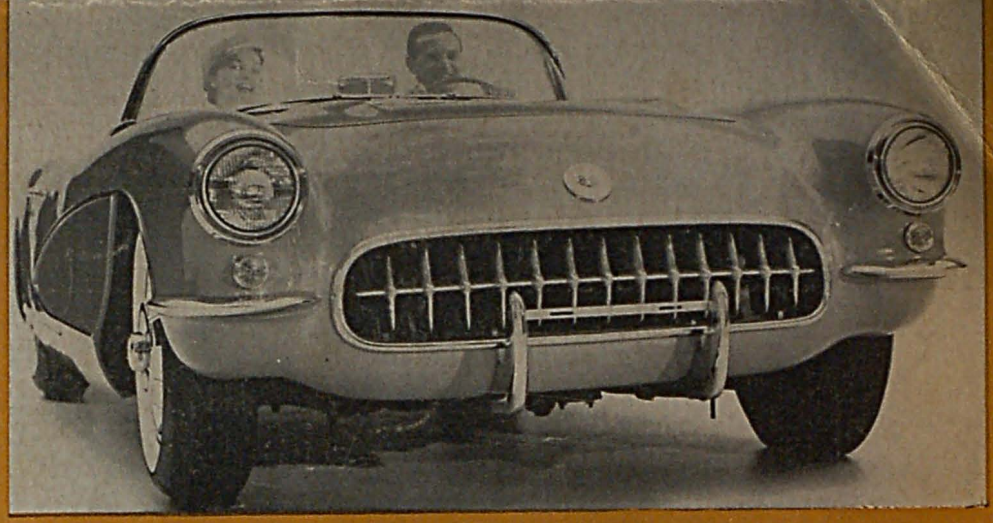
☐ Send one Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and Free Fisherman's pouch. I'll pay $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return Gypsy after first test trial for money back and keep pouch for my trouble.

☐ Send 3 Gypsy (3 Free Pouches) . . . $4.98 ☐ Remittance enclosed. Send postage paid.

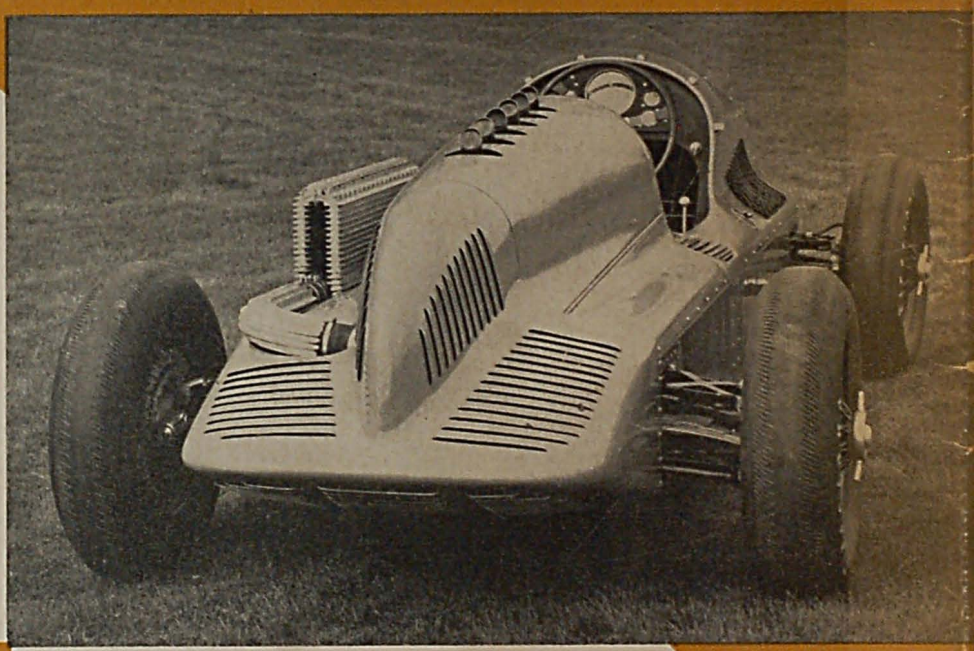
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____



WHY AMERICANS CAN'T WIN EUROPEAN RACES



Tops in international sports competition, the U. S. seems always to be an also-ran in auto racing. Our record at LeMans is virtually a perfect blank although we have had many entries. Why do Americans rate so sadly in European road races? Griff Borgeson looks into this provocative subject and gives an insight into our miserable record.

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Modern **MAN**